

The Sketch

No. 701.—Vol. LIV.

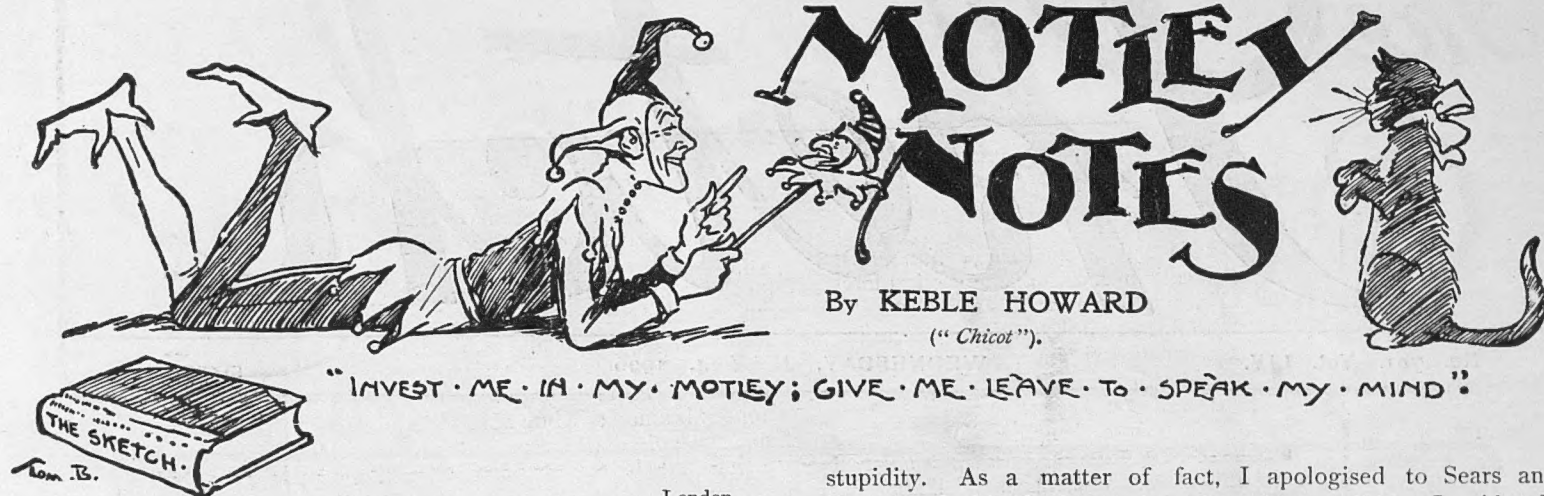
WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



MRS. HARRY THAW (MISS FLORENCE NESBIT) AT SIXTEEN, THE AGE WHEN STANFORD WHITE FIRST MET HER.

Before she went on the stage Mrs. Thaw was a famous artist's and photographer's model.—[*Photograph by Adolph Langflier, Holland Park Avenue, W.*]



THE invitation, apparently, was free from guile. It came from a man named Sears—quite a nice man, with a smiling, clean-shaven face and a suave manner. Sometimes, when he thinks that nobody is listening, he makes little jokes reminiscent of a pantomime-book. However, we have all agreed to overlook the weakness. This was the note.

DEAR CHICOT,—Drysalter Smith and his wife are dining with me at Earl's Court to-morrow night, and I shall be very glad if you will make a fourth. Seventy-three. Don't dress. Yours, H. SEARS.

Now, had I been on my guard, I might have scented danger from that significant "Don't dress." But, as it happened, I was not on my guard. The weather was hot, I was tired, Earl's Court is the one place in this curious, belated, silly old London of ours where one can dine in the open on summer nights, and Sears, as I say, was quite a nice man. (Observe the use of the past tense.) Anyway, I accepted. We had a charming little dinner. I don't think I have ever seen four people fighting for the strawberries out of the champagne-cup so harmoniously. Mrs. Drysalter-Smith won—through sheer favouritism—and then came the sinister moment. Said Mr. Drysalter-Smith, "Shall we have a look at some of the side-shows?"

Even then I had no suspicions. We began with the switchback. Well, everybody understands the switchback. You might leave a child of four to play with it all the afternoon, and no harm would result. "What next?" asked Sears. "How about the 'Salt-Mine'?" suggested Mrs. Drysalter-Smith, winking at her husband. (Mind you, I didn't see the wink. If I had, I shouldn't have been such a fool as to explore the "Salt Mine.") "Just the thing!" cried Sears and Drysalter-Smith together. "Just the thing," said I quietly, not to be outdone. We passed through the turnstile. The first part of the entertainment was simple enough. One sat on a trolley and went along. Any man scraping his knees against the wall had only himself to blame. I recognised this, and said nothing about it. Presently we got off the trolley and found ourselves at the top of a smooth slide. "Off you go!" yelled the guide. "Off you go!" said Sears and the Drysalter-Smiths. Off I went. The first five yards were negotiated without incident. Chicot kept to the rails. Then something went wrong—I shall never know what—and the thing that arrived at the bottom of the slide would have puzzled a caricaturist. Was I angry? Not a bit. I said that, when one came to Earl's Court, one must be prepared for fun. "Rather!" said the Drysalter-Smiths.

Sears and Drysalter-Smith very kindly dusted me down with their walking-sticks, and we left for the "Helter-Skelter Lighthouse." The "Helter-Skelter Lighthouse," I may explain for the benefit of country readers, is just like a real lighthouse, except that it has a corkscrew slide outside the wall, running from top to bottom. You walk up inside it with a mat under your arm. You place the mat on the corkscrew—this is all done rather hurriedly, because there are a lot of ladies and gentlemen crowding up with their mats, and it isn't good form to keep them waiting whilst you ask the man in attendance, through chattering teeth, how many people have been killed in the descent—sit on it, and the law of gravity does the rest. The trouble with me was this: I started off with a lurch, banged against the side, turned the first corner at eighty miles an hour, cannoned up against the other side, took a square inch of skin off my wrist, slipped off the mat, lost my temper, arrived at the bottom sideways, and forgot that I had left my very handsome walking-stick with the attendant. Otherwise, mind you, I thoroughly enjoyed the "Helter-Skelter Lighthouse." Don't be deterred, friend the reader, from trying it by my

stupidity. As a matter of fact, I apologised to Sears and the Drysalter-Smiths for having lost that piece of skin. I said, "It was very careless of me." They said, "Yes," and hurried along to the "Aerial Flight."

Now, the "Aerial Flight" is delightful. I mean that. You feel like a swallow cleaving the soft summer sky. At least, I understand that that was how Sears and the Drysalter-Smiths felt. For my part, I didn't get full value for my money. Let me explain the principle of the "Aerial Flight." There are two wires. One runs from east to west, and the other from west to east. You start high, as it were, and finish low. (I should like to say here that it is extremely difficult to describe these things in words. Any photographer could show you in a moment what I mean.) Well, they give you a handle with a little wheel in it. The joke is to place the wheel on the wire, cry "Here goes!" and let yourself rip. You travel down the wire at a splendid pace—this is where the swallow business comes in—and stop gracefully when you get to the other end. Gracefully, mind. Don't go "Whump!" against the buffer, because you are almost sure to interfere with the strawberries out of the champagne-cup. I tell you this in order that you may benefit by my inexperience. I, it is scarcely necessary to say, went "Whump!"

"A liqueur-brandy will put you all right," suggested Drysalter-Smith; and Sears said, rather indifferently, "Oh, yes." To tell the truth, liqueur-brandy is the one thing I can't take. But it doesn't do to argue about these things before ladies. I took one, and we ran along to the "Sirens' Cavern." The "Sirens' Cavern," you know, is the old underground river. They call it by a different name every year—why, I don't know, because as long as there is a dark second or two it will always be popular with the affectionate. I had been on that underground river before, and I was determined to show that I knew all about it. "The great thing to do," I said, panting with excitement, "is to stop the boat." "How?" asked Sears. (It may have been the other man, but his name is so long that I must give some of his dialogue to Sears.) "Oh," I said, "I'll show you. You just cling on to the scenery. It's quite easy." Somehow or other, I think they must have quickened the current this year. In any case, a broken finger-nail is no such serious matter. As Mrs. Drysalter-Smith very thoughtfully observed, it was lucky that it was the same hand as the wrist. (That is not quite the way it works out, but you know what I mean.) I asked, perhaps a little peevishly, "Why?" She replied, "Because one sling will do for the two." Thrifty folk, women.

We wound up with the "chute." I sat at the back, alone, and the others went in front. They put me at the back because you don't get such a bump, and they were very anxious that I shouldn't jar my bad hand. Personally, I should have preferred the middle, but some other people took those seats whilst I was admiring the really splendid view of West Kensington by night. The man at the back, anyway, gets the advantage of any water that there may be to spare out of the lake. There was a good deal to spare on this particular journey, and I was proportionately grateful. Whilst I was drying myself down with my handkerchief, Sears and the Drysalter-Smiths went on the flying-machine. If anybody says that I hoped, fervently, to see them all fall out, I shall deny it. I am not a vindictive man. Besides, they had done their best to make the evening a pleasant one.

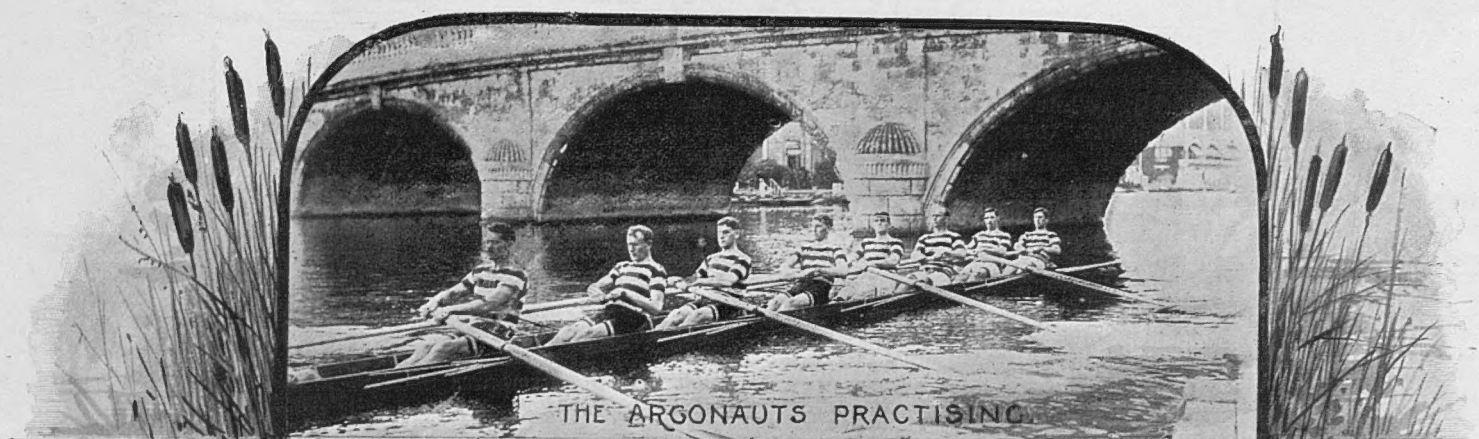
"Well," said Mr. Drysalter-Smith, as we strolled towards the exit, "it's been a rippin' evening!"

"Grand!" said his wife.

"Glorious!" cried I.

"So glad," said Sears.

CRACK CREWS AT HENLEY.



THE ARGONAUTS PRACTISING.



TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.



CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.



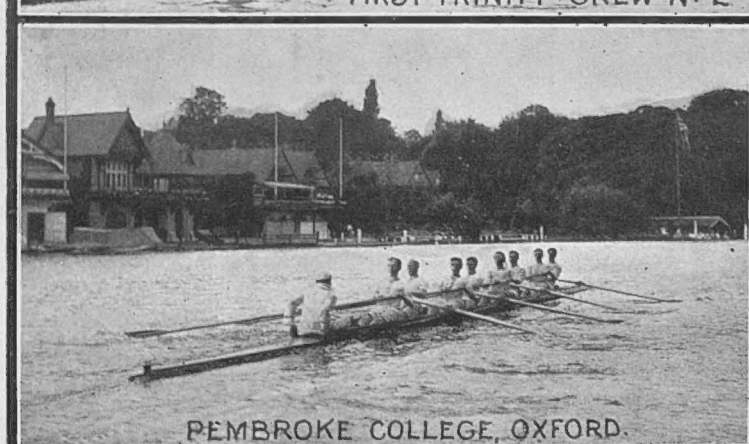
MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.



FIRST TRINITY CREW N° 2



FIRST TRINITY CREW N° 1



PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.



THIRD TRINITY.

FAMOUS COMPETITORS IN THE GREAT WATER OLYMPIA.

Photographs by the Topical Press Agency.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Killing of Mr. White—New York Studios—The Fisk-Stokes Case—The Birthday Honours.

IN the accounts of the killing of Mr. White telegraphed to this country, there is an unconscious tribute paid to wealth in the surprise which is expressed that Mr. Thaw should have been treated just like an ordinary criminal, should have gone to the depot in a common patrol-wagon, and should have been photographed for the "Rogues' Gallery." This and the general assumption that some way which does not end at the lethal chair will be found for Mr. Thaw out of the position in which he has placed himself show how devoutly Mammon is worshipped in the States. It is the fashion of the moment in America to call the British hypocrites because we have expressed our disgust at the Chicago revelations with quite unnecessary emphasis; but I think we may fairly retort by calling our cousins slaves of the dollar, for if one of our millionaires killed another millionaire, it would never occur to anyone in this country that the disagreeable preliminaries to his trial should be conducted in anything but the usual disagreeable way.

We shall probably hear a good deal about the New York "studios" before the close of the White-Thaw killing case. There is no country which is more moral in intention than the United States. There are not nearly so many questions asked in London when a gentleman of good position takes a flat as there are in New York; and whereas a couple who are not husband and wife, but travel as such, do not find any difficulty in gaining admittance to an English hotel so long as they appear to be what they announce themselves to be, it is not so in America, and hotel-keepers consider themselves justified in being inquisitorial in their catechism of any doubtful pair. The profession, however, of artist or of photographer is held to demand the possession of a "studio," and some of the roués of New York and the other big towns pose as amateur artists and amateur photographers because few or no questions are asked as to their studios and their models.

I am old enough to remember the sensation caused in the English-speaking world by the shooting of "Jim"

Fisk, the railway speculator, by Stokes, the motive of the shooting being jealousy. I was a boy at school at the time, and I wondered that New York could be considered a civilised town when men shot at each other in its saloons. The subsequent trial, or rather trials, of Stokes, his imprisonment, the collapse of the Erie ring, of which Fisk had been a director, are all ancient history; but when, last time I was in New York, I was shown where Fisk was shot and the scene was detailed to me by an eye-witness, all the details came again fresh to my memory. Since the Fisk-Stokes shooting case New York has never had a sensation to equal the Thaw-White one.

In the clubs the "Birthday Honours" and the proposals which Mr. Haldane is to submit for the reorganisation of the Army are the two subjects most gossiped about. It was known that the number of peerages would be larger than usual, for the Ministry in power have not had the opportunity of late years to reward the stalwarts of their party. Lord Cromer's O.M. is generally approved. So well earned is this great honour that most men believed that he was already the possessor of the coveted Order. Mr. Shaw Lefevre's peerage is approved by men of all parties, for the sixpenny telegram which he gave us is one of the conveniences of life, and its institution is sufficiently recent for men not to have ceased as yet to be grateful for it. It is a proof of the gentleness of our modern caricaturists that Mr. Gould's knighthood is greeted with pleasure by all his victims. In the days of Gilray the knighting of a caricaturist would have stirred the deepest depths of hatred, malice, and uncharitableness.

The old war-horses of the smoking-rooms of the Service clubs are not as excited as by rights they should be over the reductions in the land forces prophesied by people who think they know Mr. Haldane's plans. The Army believes the present War Minister to be level-headed and patriotic, and most soldiers think that there is a good deal of dead wood which can be cut away from the junior of the Services without injuring its efficiency.



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ALL EYES ARE ON MISS DOUGLASS.



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Miss Douglass is famous for the long, clean sweep of the racket with which she makes a drive off the ground. In the Northern Ladies' Championship this year she beat Miss Sutton, who is said to be a model for players of medium height.—[Photograph by Hawkins.]

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS JULY 7.

THE KING AT DERBY THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT SALISBURY:

AMERICAN BOAT TRAIN WRECKED

CONTINENTAL HENLEYS & THE HOME CARNIVAL

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S frequent sojourns at Sandringham naturally throw more social engagements on the Sovereign. His Majesty has opened July with a formidable list of public and private engagements, beginning with an interesting week-end visit to Hinchingsbrook House, where Lord Sandwich had gathered together a pleasantly informal party of his Majesty's friends in the beautiful historic house which has been so

well restored. Newmarket, where the King arrived yesterday (July 3), is exceptionally brilliant; all the well-known houses are full, and it is thought that even that section of the racing world outside the royal circle will have the honour of seeing the Sovereign at close quarters at a garden-party given by Sir Ernest Cassel at Moulton Paddocks.

The Court and the Season.

The frequent absences of the Queen from town have, of course, militated against the brilliancy of the London Season. Her Majesty is still in the deepest mourning, for the death of her beloved father was followed closely by that of a favourite niece. The British people sympathise deeply with Queen Alexandra, the more so that she has never allowed her private griefs to interfere with the numberless deeds of charity and benevolence with which her Majesty's name is ever associated.

The Royal Honeymooners.

In spite of semi-contradictions, it is confidently believed in the Isle of Wight that King Alfonso and his bride will visit the Solent this summer. It is even asserted that a promise to that effect was given to Princess Henry of Battenberg by her youthful son-in-law. Meanwhile, the royal honeymooners are enjoying a comparatively quiet, though by no means private, *lune de miel*, for, according to tradition, they are visited daily by various members of the Spanish Royal Family, the motor

The Birthday Honours.

The new Honours have come rather as a surprise to some of those wisecracks who delight in prophecy. There is no sign of the journalistic peerage so confidently foretold in two quarters. Lord Cromer alone joins the small, select band of great men entitled to the letters O.M. after their names. It was thought that Miss Florence Nightingale would be given the great distinction—that she has been left out almost certainly implies refusal on her part. As to the new Peers, the surprise comes in the austere shape of Mr. Leonard Courtney. Mr. Sidney Webb thus becomes brother-in-law to a Peer—a distinctly piquant combination. "F. C. G." will receive warm congratulations on his knighthood, and that both from Whigs and Tories, for his pencil is ever free from the gall of bitterness. The fact that an M.D. becomes a P.C. should gratify the medical profession, for not so long ago to be made a Privy Councillor was considered as among the greatest honours which could befall one of the King's subjects.

A Cure for Consumption.

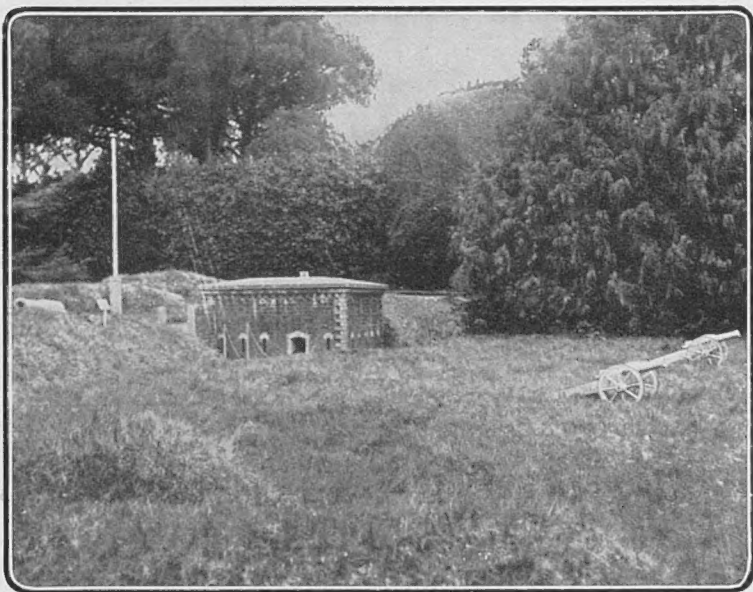
The latest of the many cures for consumption is to place afflicted persons in a room from which all the air near the earth is carefully excluded, but which is furnished with tubes fastened to captive balloons floating three or four miles up in the air. The patients breathe the pure air of these upper regions, which is absolutely free from taint, and so undergo a rapid cure. The strange thing about this method is that it has been invented by an Australian, and not, as might be imagined, by an American.

A City of Glass. Des Moines City, Iowa, U.S.A., is decidedly a place that is being talked about. Its latest idea is to build its houses of glass, which is incombustible, strong, healthy, damp-proof, cheap, and easily kept clean. A young architect, who noticed that glass was usefully employed in the decoration of house-fronts, conceived the idea of building houses altogether of glass, and, to try his hand, he constructed a glass cottage, which was found to be so comfortable and sensible that he has had to build several other houses of the same material. The latest thing is to build a magnificent church entirely of glass, the interior of which will be most beautifully decorated with coloured glass. There is plenty of excellent sand close to Des Moines, and the making of glass is now one of the chief industries of the place.



SOCIETY WOMAN AND HOTEL-MANAGER:
MRS. MERCER PELL.

Mrs. Mercer Pell, who was presented at the last Court, is probably the first Society leader to take up the management of a big hotel. She is a young and charming American lady, well known in New York Society, and the member of a temporarily impoverished but prominent Knickerbocker family. Sir Christopher Furness is fortunate as well as daring in securing her services for his big caravanserai at Harrogate, which will, no doubt, become the resort of fashionable Americans on a visit to this country.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



THE KING'S HANDIWORK: A TOY FORT AT OSBORNE COTTAGE, I.W.,
MADE BY HIS MAJESTY WHEN A BOY.

The miniature fortifications were built by the King when he was a boy, and they remain exactly as he left them.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

annihilating distance in a fashion which amazes the more conservative grandees of the Court. Queen Victoria, following in this matter the example of her first cousin, the Empress of Russia, never willingly allows her husband to go out without her. She is determined that any danger befalling him shall be shared by her.



THE SCENE OF STANFORD WHITE'S WILD ENTERTAINMENTS: THE TOWER OF MADISON SQUARE ROOF-GARDEN THEATRE.

The theatre was designed by Stanford White, who was shot by Harry Thaw. In the tower White had a studio, where he used to give some of the wildest entertainments in New York.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

Unsolicited Testimony.

The eminent criminal lawyers of the New York Bar have been "cornered," we are told, for the defence of Harry Thaw, the millionaire murderer. Numbers are not everything, even in a great criminal trial. Abraham Lincoln won the cause which made him famous, unaided, against a great array of counsel. It was not the number of counsel briefed for the prosecution which brought Palmer, the poisoner, to the gallows. During the trial it was the habit of the prisoner to write messages upon slips of paper, and toss them over to his counsel. They were mostly in sporting metaphor. When the end came, and he was found guilty, he wrote his last message—"It was the riding that did it." The explanation was that, in the prisoner's opinion, the case had gone against him owing to its masterly handling by Sir Alexander Cockburn. The latter always considered that the highest compliment he ever received.

Rival Prophets.

Gettysburg, Sadowa, Ulundi, Wagram, Sedgemoor, were all fought in this week, and various celebrations of the anniversaries are toward. To the American, of course, his battle is the greatest, that which most distinctly changed the current of history. Close-range view does make a difference. Scott, returning from the field of Waterloo, thus delivered himself concerning that battle—

The sound of Cressy none shall own,
And Agincourt shall be unknown,
And Blenheim be a nameless spot,
Long 'ere thy glories be forgot.

The book in which the lines appeared came into the hands of Byron, who added by way of footnote—

I'll be d—d if they will, Mr. Scott.

Bernhardt the Tireless.

Sarah Bernhardt is one of the most astounding instances of vitality; she never rests. She has a way of making appointments at one in the morning to hear plays read to her. She will stay up all the night discussing details of a new production; then she will go to bed for some infinitesimal time, and she will be down at her theatre at nine in the morning. Generally she has friends to breakfast, and, notwithstanding her exertions on the previous day, is always ready to receive them. Sometimes she will snatch ten minutes' repose in the evening, during the acts, and then she wakes up completely refreshed. A friend who went to see her in her dressing-room found her fast asleep in her chair, in the costume of "L'Aiglon," but she was instantly awakened by a touch and ready to talk business. Another of her peculiarities is never to like to be alone. She is in constant need of company even when studying her rôles.

The Egyptian Executions.

The punishment of the Egyptian villagers who killed one British officer and tried to kill several others may seem severe to any man who has not lived in a Mohammedan country and does not know on what a powder-cask the Christian rulers sit in such a land. If British officers had shot the doves of poor villagers against the wish of these peasants, and in the subsequent emeute one of the officers had been so severely handled that he died, then the gallows would have been uncalled for; but when the doves are bait to lead men who mean no harm into a trap, and when all the troublesome elements in a country bubbling with diaffection are watching to see whether Christian officers can be killed with impunity, then the gallows and the whipping-post are like the surgeon's knife and are a necessity to prevent further crime. When a ghazi on the North-West frontier of India is hung in a pig-skin, that his soul may not reach paradise, it is not an act of cruelty to the man before and after death, it is a necessary deterrent to the men who would follow his example were this not done.

A Cambodian at Dinner.

We Westerners are apt to think that all those who do not understand our manners are uncivilised, and no doubt the same effect is produced on Orientals by our want of knowledge of their ways. At the dinner at the Elysée given in honour of Sisowath, the Cambodian Minister of the Interior was seated next to the daughter of one of the French Ministers. As he speaks French very well, having learned it at the French school at Pnom-Penh, he asked his fair neighbour to tell him if he made any blunder, as that was the first time in which he had dined in the European fashion, and added that he placed himself under her protection. She was much flattered by the compliment, and advised him to imitate her and do exactly as she did. The Cambodian Minister did so, and acquitted himself so well that no one suspected that he was not thoroughly accustomed to dining à la Française. It is doubtful if any Westerner suddenly called upon to dine in the Cambodian manner would have done so well.

Patriot Poets.

Mr. Haldane is busy giving the finishing touches to his scheme of Army Reform, which, it is promised, will be presented to the country next week. Great expectations have been raised, but, after all, official automatic efficiency will not alone maintain the British Army. There is a spirit and a sentiment which Whitehall can never inspire. Charles Dibdin claimed, and rightly claimed, that by his songs he brought more men into the Navy in war-time than all the press-gangs could. Tennyson was a great recruiting-sergeant for the Army. His "Charge of the Light Brigade" sent fire through the veins of every young Englishman of the period; while his "Riflemen, Form!"—written when the Powers seemed inclined to attempt an invasion of England—was immediately followed by a War Office order approving the formation of Volunteer rifle corps. Four hundred Government clerks at the War Office alone responded to the poet's call, though, as Coventry Patmore said at the time, "a large cost will be incurred, and we are all poor."



A SUFFRAGETTE JUST OUT OF PRISON: MISS BILLINGTON'S RETURN HOME AFTER HER RELEASE.

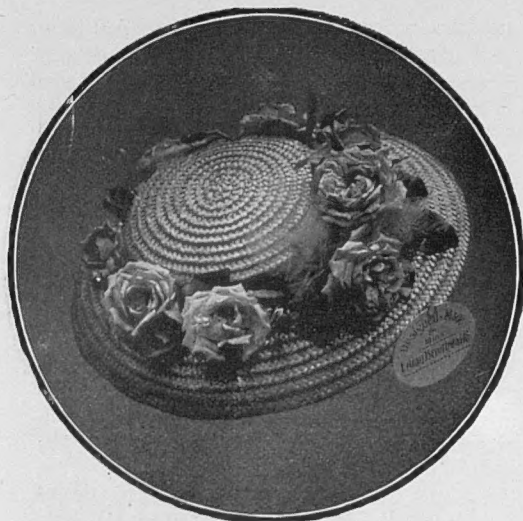
Mr. Asquith, with great tenderness of heart, persuaded the Home Secretary to reduce Miss Billington's sentence by one-half—that is, to a fine of £5 or a month's imprisonment. Miss Billington was shortly at liberty. She returned home in a hansom, and within a few hours was pursuing her campaign in Hyde Park.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE EQUINE EN-TOUT-CAS: SUNSHADES FOR PARIS CAB-HORSES.

The sun-bonnet makes the cab-horse's head too hot, and the cochers have accordingly provided their beasts with parasols.



ACTRESSES AS MILLINERS: HAT MADE BY MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

succeeded in the Lower House have failed in oratory when elevated to the Gilded Chamber. Not so Viscount St. Aldwyn. He has taken his place, as if by birthright, among the leaders of the Conservative Peers; they have accepted him as one with authority; and he may exercise great influence in his new sphere. He is a year younger than Mr. Chamberlain; he is still quite erect, and his health is not worse than it has been for a long time past.

Dress in the House. Summer has changed the appearance even of the House of Commons. Black coats and silk hats are still the rule, but many members have responded in their clothes to the season. There are numerous white waistcoats, there are a considerable number of grey frock-coats, and there are even a few white hats. Mr. Dillon has adopted a low-roofed, soft grey hat. Several of the Labour and Irish members wear straw hats; but these look out of place even in the present democratic and not very smart House of Commons. A number of the fashionable men have white gaiters, which look very cool. On the whole, however, the members when in the company of the ladies who flock to the Terrace look dull and dingy.

A New Rosland. At the very moment when Edmond Rostand, the famous young author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," is celebrating his house-warming in the Pyrenees an absolutely new poet has appeared upon the horizon—and captured Sarah Bernhardt. This young man, who wakes to find himself famous, is named René Fraudet. He is twenty-two years of age, good-looking, and with a sweet blonde moustache. He went boldly to Sarah Bernhardt and read his play to her all in beautiful flowing verse. It was at the midnight hour—because la Divine, from a long theatrical habit, always invites her friends at that time—and the voice of the poet thrilled with emotion. The scene, the hour, the greatness of the actress, all combined to inspire that young man. He read his verses until they rang again with fire and with sentiment, and René was told to leave his manuscript, and told, also, that he would be played this very winter by Sarah herself. He was

"Sir Michael"
Among the Peers.

Viscount St. Aldwyn is the old Sir Michael Hicks Beach, stern, precise, caustic. He speaks in the House of Lords just as he spoke in the other House, and is as calm and unaffected as if he had been brought up in the Gilded Chamber. Some statesmen who played a great part in the House of Commons were for ever silent in the Upper House. Others who have

quite unknown yesterday; to-day he is the coming man. His play is called "La Nuit Perverse."

Choir-Boys on Strike. Toulon is one of those places where they do the least work, and where they strike the most on earth. Generally it is the Arsenal hands who lay down their tools and say it is too hot to work, and that they will not return unless they are given cool drinks every hour and eau-de-Cologne sprinklers. But the very latest striker, Toulon way, is the choir-boy. He left off hymning his praise last Sunday because the pay was insufficient. It seemed likely, at one moment, that there would be no note of music sung (except by the officiating priest) in any Catholic chapel in Toulon or its suburbs. After all, you cannot expect a soul full of religious music at twenty-five centimes a Sunday. It is taking a mean advantage of piety. So the surpliced youngsters thought. The angelic faces of the choristers took on the frown of Satan. The curés were alarmed; they yielded. And now the rising hope of Toulon gets a franc on Sundays for singing in the organ-loft. It is a little alarming, though, this latest instance of the strike microbe.



ACTRESSES AS MILLINERS: HAT MADE BY MISS MARIE TEMPEST.



A STALL OF HATS BY ACTRESS-MILLINERS: MRS. GEORGE ALEXANDER WITH THE HAT SHE MADE.

At the hat-stall at the bazaar in aid of the Convalescent Home for the patients of the Great Northern Central Hospital, hats made by themselves were sold by a great many of the leading actresses of the day. Miss Ellen Terry made a hat which is an exact reproduction of one she wears in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

Photograph by Bassano.

Sanitary Beer. A publican at Dresden has conceived the happy idea of hanging out in front of his tavern a magnificent sign with the words, "Bier Sanitorium." The municipality took exception to this sign, which it considered was misleading, and calculated to deceive the good people of Dresden as to the effect of the drink, so they ordered the publican to take it down. He refused, so he was fined, but won his case on appeal. The higher court held that "Sanitary Beer" was just as lawful as "Dental Institute" or "Billiard Academy."

Sisowath's Hair-Cutting. It is by no means an easy task to cut the hair of Sisowath, King of Cambodia, for that Sovereign's person is as sacred as that of a Queen of Spain in the Middle Ages. No one may go into a room which is over that occupied by the King, and no one may even stretch over his head or touch any part of him. If his hair has to be cut or dressed, the Bakous, or high priests, are called in, and they with many ceremonies purify the barber before he is allowed to begin his work. These ceremonies of lustration are necessary to protect the barber from the severe penalties which he would incur did he lay sacrilegious hands on Sisowath, and the fashionable hairdressers of Paris are beginning to speculate upon what they will have to undergo in the event of their services being required. But they know that the resulting advertisement will well repay them.



ACTRESSES AS MILLINERS: HAT MADE BY MISS EVELYN MILLARD.



ACTRESSES AS MILLINERS: HAT MADE BY MRS. TREE.



THE WINNER OF THE SCOTTISH LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL.

Miss Campbell won the championship at Cruden Bay on June 21. She is a member of the North Berwick Club. In the final she won by three up and one to play.

Photograph by Kate Fragnell.

Campbell took part in the international match held at Burnham in May, and for long has carried all before her in the feminine golfing world.

A Notable Engagement.

Alexandra's Vice-Chamberlain and granddaughter of one of their Majesties' oldest and most esteemed friends, the Duchess of Devonshire. Mr. Ward is the third son of Georgiana, Lady Dudley, and, like his fiancée's brother, Lord Acheson, he distinguished himself in the South African War. The Ladies Acheson were painted by Mr. Sargent two or three years ago, the charming group being almost as much discussed as had been that composed of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wyndham's three fair daughters.

Lady Mary's eldest sister, Lady Alexandra, married last year one of Lord Derby's younger sons.

An American Hostess in London.

Mrs. John Ridgeley Carter plays an important rôle in the diplomatic world. Her husband is First Secretary at the American Embassy. He has now been here some years, and he and his brilliant wife are known to stand high in the King and Queen's personal favour.

Mrs. Ridgeley Carter has entertained a good deal this season, one of her most successful dinners having been given in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Longworth. Even in the American colony Mrs. Ridgeley Carter is noted for her exquisite dressing.

The Kaiser and the Tsar.

The Kaiser and the Tsar are going to meet again this autumn, but, as before, not in the capital of either one of them. The meeting is arranged to take place at sea towards the end of July,

during the manoeuvres of the German Fleet in the Baltic Sea. The two Sovereigns will spend several days together, and in this fashion the Tsar will return the visit which the Kaiser paid to him last year.

A Modern Masque.

To-morrow takes place, in the grounds of Sutherland House, what bids fair to be the most charming and original of this season's amusements. Reviving a form of literary and musical entertainment much appreciated by our ancestors, Lady Alix Egerton, the gifted daughter of Lord and Lady Ellesmere, has written a masque entitled "The Princess and the Stranger," in which all sorts of notable theatrical folk will appear, while the music has been specially composed by the Baroness Overbeck, the Russian composer whose advent has made quite a furore in London musical circles. Both Lady Alix and the Baroness are familiar with the old-world masques, which were played so

often in the great parks and stately pleasantries of Merrie England, and "The Princess and the Stranger" is full of quaint archaic charm. Lady Alix, who is something of an artist, has designed the costumes which are to be worn.

In a room in the Palace at Madrid there is a strange collection of articles which was begun by the Queen Dowager Christina. It consists of all the things by which the young King's life has been

endangered. The attempts of Paris and Madrid were not the first aimed at King Alfonso's life. Some years ago, when he was still a boy, he was walking alone in Madrid, when a ruffian attacked him with a knife. Alfonso struck the man on the hand with a stick and made him drop the knife, which the King then picked up and added to the museum. This collection contains the skin of the horse which was killed by the bomb in Paris, and some mementoes of the Madrid outrage, and also a stone which came from San Sebastian. Early last year the King, taking a walk through a narrow street, found his path blocked by some chairs and tables which a wine-seller had turned out while washing his shop. The King tried to jump over the obstacle, but his spur caught in a chair, and he fell, knocking his head against the lintel of the door. The King was half-stunned, but, nevertheless, he bought the stone against which he hit his head, and took it to the Palace and added it to his collection.



THE AUTHOR OF A MODERN MASQUE: LADY ALIX EGERTON.

Lady Alix has written a masque, "The Princess and the Stranger," which is to be given to-morrow at Miss Italia Conti's dramatic and musical recital at Stafford House.

Photograph by the Press Picture Agency.



LADY MARY ACHESON, ENGAGED TO THE HON. ROBERT WARD.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



THE HON. ROBERT WARD, ENGAGED TO LADY MARY ACHESON.

Photograph by Mauld and Fox.



A FAIR AMERICAN DIPLOMATIST IN LONDON: MRS. J. RIDGELEY CARTER.

An Americaine famous for her dress even among Americans, the wife of the First Secretary to the U.S. Embassy is one of the most brilliant figures in diplomatic society.

Photograph by Thomson.

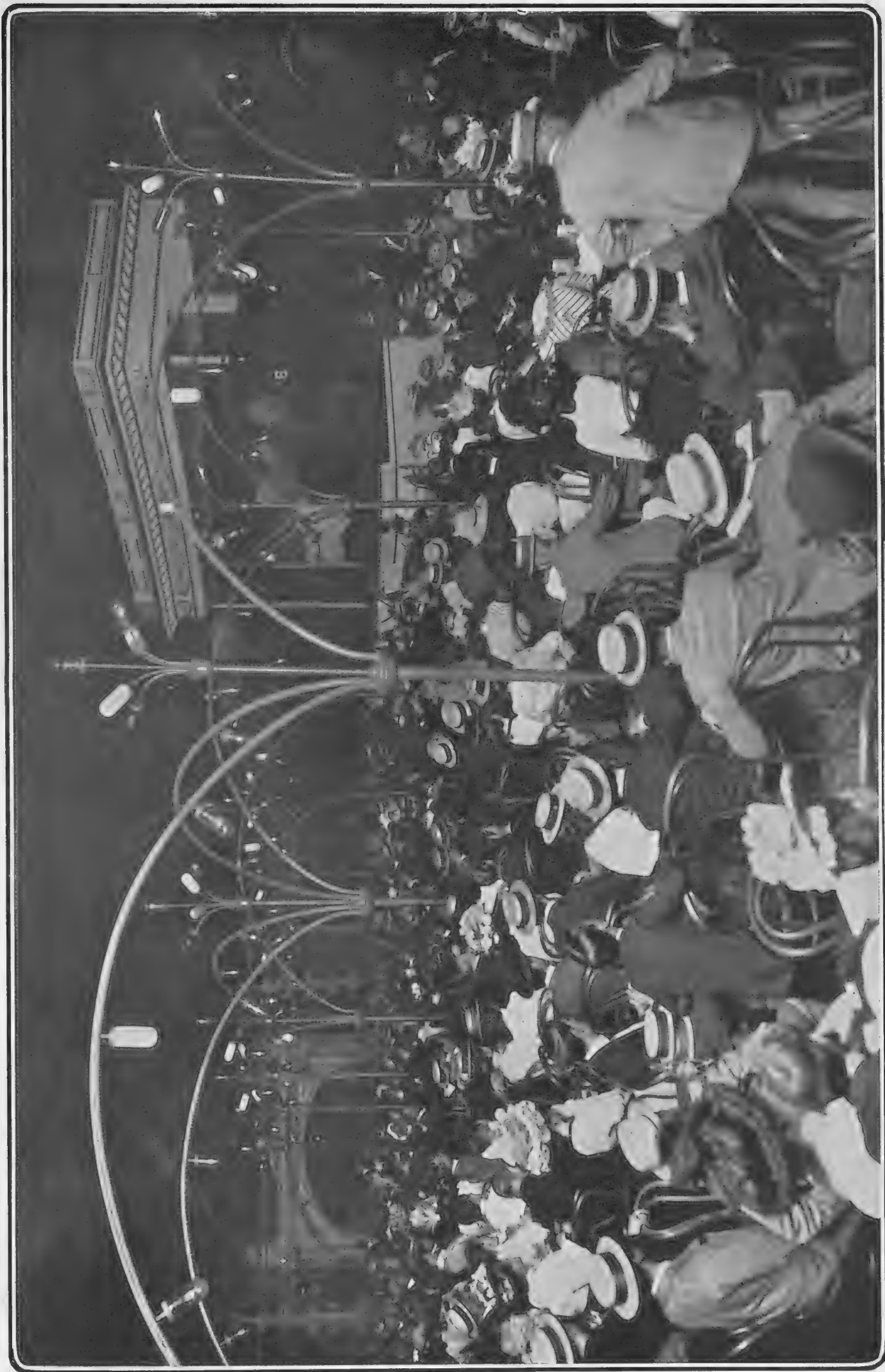


A TITLED RUSSIAN COMPOSER: THE BARONESS OVERBECK.

Baroness Overbeck has composed the music for Lady Alix Egerton's masque, which will be played to-morrow at Stafford House.

Photograph by Beresford.

THE THEATRE OF A REAL TRAGEDY: WHERE MILLIONAIRE SHOT MILLIONAIRE.



THE AUDITORIUM OF THE ROOF-GARDEN THEATRE, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK, WHERE HARRY THAW SHOT STANFORD WHITE.

Stanford White was sitting at one of the tables of the auditorium when Harry Thaw came up to him and shot him for an alleged injury to Mrs. Thaw. White, who was the most celebrated architect in the United States, designed the Garden Theatre, the tower of which is one of the landmarks of New York. In the tower White had a studio where he used to give extremely skittish parties.

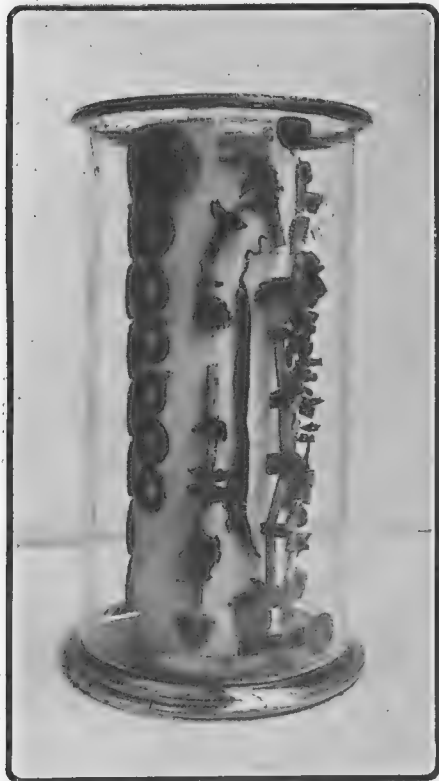
Photograph by Byron, New York.



By E. A. B.

White Man's Magic.

The trouble with the Zulus has not ended quite as rapidly as we expected. Chiefs may surrender and their big fighting-men receive their quietus, but there is the witch-doctor still to be combated. Wherever savagery is, there, too, is superstition; there, also, men acute enough to trade upon it. Sir George Grey found very much the same creeds and practices in South Africa, in Australia, and in New Zealand. The chiefs may have seen through the deception; at any rate, they made a profit from the labours of the witch-doctors, and staunchly upheld them. The witch-doctors were Grey's greatest enemies. He tackled them on their own ground; sent white doctors into their country, whose cures, in the eyes of the natives, out-marvelled those wrought by the high priests of superstition. One of those who gave him great trouble in South Africa he imprisoned, fed and physicked, then turned him loose among his fellows. These latter have a keen sense of humour, and they laughed him to scorn. There was no more trouble with the witch-doctors in Sir George Grey's time.



GOBBLED BY A HUMAN OSTRICH:
A FATAL DIET OF NAILS.

Robert Naysmith, the human ostrich, who used to amaze crowds at country fairs by swallowing nails, hatpins, stones, and glass, died last week in Islington Workhouse of his extraordinary diet. Naysmith came of a respectable Scotch family. The startling collection of things here shown was found in his body, and may probably justify the jury's verdict that he died from misadventure.

Photograph by Bunnett.

But our ingenious friends the French did this with perfect success in Algiers. The Marabouts, workers of mischief not less than of wonders, were preaching a holy war, and by signs and miracles stirring up the people to strife. The French Government had in Paris at this time the great Robert Houdin, king of the conjurers of his day. They decided to send him to outdo the Marabouts and destroy the influence which by pretended miracles they exercised over the natives. Houdin knew the old-fashioned conjuring from A to Z, but he knew, moreover, how to bring science to the aid of trickery. He went; the Algerians saw; he conquered. It stands for one of the strangest incidents in the story of Empire. A professional conjurer sent by his Government was more effective in establishing peace than the whole resources of a great military empire.

The First Harrow.

If John Lyon, yeoman, of Preston, in the parish of Harrow, Middlesex, could spend an hour or two in his old haunts on this Speech Day at Harrow, he would be amazed to see the school into which his little foundation has developed. For many years it had been his habit to spend a score of marks per annum on the education of poor children, and in 1571 he obtained from Queen Elizabeth a charter and letters patent for the founding of the "Free Grammar School of John Lyon"—the Harrow of to-day. There was an important exception to the free entry of the school; the schoolmaster was permitted to receive "over and above the youth of the inhabitants within this parish so many foreigners as the whole may well be taught and applied and the place can conveniently obtain; and of these foreigners he may take such stipend and wages as he can get." Such, with funds invested in land at Marylebone for its upkeep and for the payment of a

master at forty marks a year, and one usher, was the beginning of the intellectual cradle of so many of the nation's great men.

Spartan Discipline.

Early Harrovians had very different times from their successors. They had to be in their places at six in the morning, and their afternoons lasted from one till six. The scholars were not to play "except on Thursdays only, sometimes when the weather is fair, and on Saturdays or half-holidays, after evening prayer." The sports were restricted to "driving a top, tossing a handball, running, shooting, and no other." What if he could see Harrow battling with Eton at Lord's! Regular attendance was to be secured by threat of banishment, and that parents should not be neglectful of other duties, it was laid down that "you shall find your child sufficient paper, ink, pens, books, candles for winter . . . and allow your child at all times a bow, three shafts, bow-strings, and a bracer to exercise shooting." The modern Harrow resembles the original in little except as to the exclusion of female pupils from its walls.

The Power of Woman.

If Mr. Herbert Samuel gets his projected Bill passed, we shall be able to say farewell to the demoralising exhibitions in which women risk their lives for the public entertainment. Female "lion-tamers," it is to be hoped, will be in the list. The women will probably object, holding themselves superior to men in subduing the savage nature of wild animals. In their contention they had Frank Buckland on their side. He used to cite the



THE SIMPLE LIFE ON THE BOULEVARDS:
THE LATEST PARIS PROPHET.

A Jonah has appeared in the streets of Paris summoning the people to dietary repentance. He is a picturesque figure, with flowing locks, and is dressed in a simple robe. He is an educated man called Salomanson, and is by birth a Netherlander. He was formerly consul in Belgium and a merchant in Java. He believes that well-being is not the means of happiness, and says that now he is happy and satisfied on the money that he formerly spent on cigars. Salomanson is a vegetarian.

Photographs by Branger.

case of the Lady Hornby of his day, who, when residing at Constantinople, expressed a wish to have a wild Turkish dog to tame. Friends set out in pursuit, and brought home a foaming, raging thing, savage as a wounded tiger. Released, it at once ran to Lady Hornby, quiet, docile, seeking protection. She kept it and tamed it. And then a great zoologist called upon her. "What have you got there?" he asked. "Oh, it's my wild dog, tamed," she said. "That's no dog," he said; "that's a common brute of a savage jackal." He was right; but she had tamed it, and kept it as long as it lived.

✻ ✻ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✻ ✻



NEW JERUSALEM IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

New Jerusalem, in Western Australia, was founded three years ago by a Jew called Solomon Fisher. He also established the Church of the First Born, which is a compromise between Christianity and Judaism. The Government gave him 10,000 acres of land, on which he has settled his sixty-one followers.

Photograph by Kerry and Jones.



WHERE THE PIGTAIL RESTS IN PEACE.

The photograph shows a typical Chinese tomb, of which thousands are to be seen on the hillsides of China. The door of the vault where the coffin is laid appears on the right of the picture. The picture is rather puzzling at the first glance owing to the perspective of the curves.

Photograph by Bradbury.



Photo, Park.

AN EPITAPH IN SHORTHAND.

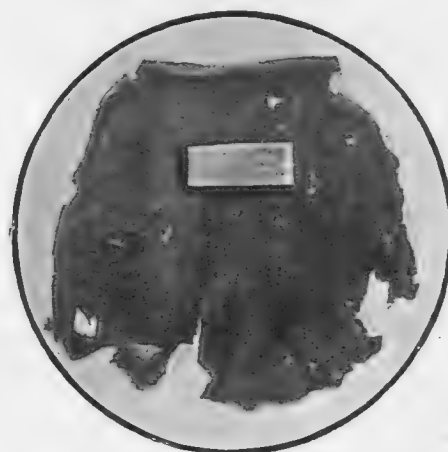
Such is the enthusiasm of some shorthand writers for their hieroglyphics that they leave orders for their tomb to be engraved in stenography. One of these tombstones is to be seen in West Hampstead Cemetery.

Experts will decipher it for themselves.



BEGGARS WHO BRING BAD LUCK.

Ferghanah, in Russian Central Asia, is celebrated for its veiled women beggars, who are believed to bring bad luck. The belief is fortunate for the ladies, as no one will pass them without dropping a small coin at their feet in order to avert a month of bad luck.



WORN FOR FORTY-THREE YEARS:
THE BLEWBURY MISER'S COAT.

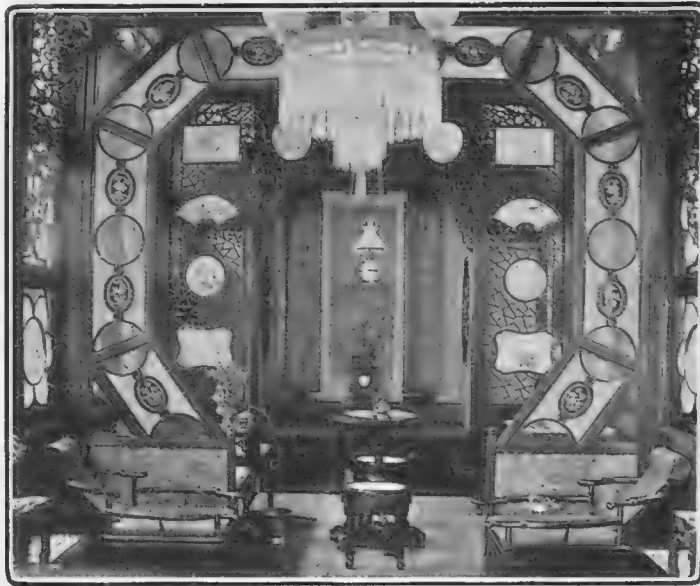
The coat belonged to a celebrated miser, the Rev. Morgan Jones, who was curate of Blewbury from 1781 to 1824. For forty-three years he wore the honourable and ancient garment here depicted.



A DICKEY CATHEDRAL: ALL FRONT AND NO BACK.

The photograph shows the front of the great cathedral at Macao, which was destroyed by fire about the year 1857. Macao is the Portuguese settlement in the south of China, forty miles from Hong-Kong, and is the oldest European settlement in China. Note the amount of fine detail shown, and the vegetation growing over the ruins.

From the front the cathedral looks perfect.—*Photograph by Bradbury.*



LUXURIOUS PENNY STEAMERS IN CANTON.

It is suggested that the famous flower-boats of Canton might be imitated on the Thames, and that old penny steamers might come to this happy end. The photograph is of the saloon of one of the magnificent boats of Canton. The saloon is fitted up with marble, and the boats may be hired by the hour or the day. They are often engaged by opium-parties.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"LA RAFALE"—STAR PLAYS—"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE."

THE success of Madame Réjane in "La Rafale" and failure of Mrs. Campbell in "The Whirlwind" will lead to remarks upon the superiority of French acting, the advantages of a Conservatoire, and the need of a training-school for players. Even the fact that the work suffered to some extent in the process of adaptation and that the Censor—very judiciously—required an unpleasant episode to be "toned down," will hardly be taken into account. The French season is causing an injustice to our players in strengthening the popular opinion as to the superiority of the French players. Many who hold the opinion forget that familiarity breeds contempt, and that some of the English actors and actresses of whom we have grown almost tired would cause enthusiasm if they could appear as strangers. Not a few of the foreign artists who have names still large in the papers and are accepted by us as "stars" are really wandering stars of whom their compatriots have grown weary.

I am not for a moment suggesting that Madame Réjane is one of them. In comparing her with Mrs. Campbell as heroine of M. Bernstein's clever, disagreeable play one must remember that the character is one that suits the French actress perfectly, and is quite a misfit for our own player. Who can doubt that in "Pelléas and Mélisande," or in "Beyond Human Power," or other dramas that might

be named, Mrs. Pat would triumph over her foreign rival, or that the native Paula Tanqueray would surpass any French version? It is easy to say that the question is one of "temperament"—a convenient word, under cover of which we conceal our ignorance. Probably, putting aside the matter of physical fitness for a particular part, there is a question of sympathy to be considered, and one may note that Mrs. Campbell has a sympathy with certain kinds of character, and plays them magnificently, but that in other cases she never justifies her reputation. In several star parts she has certainly been a failure—why? For lack of sympathy with them and with the piece. It is notable of her that the better the play the better her acting. Now, most of the star plays are poor works, except in the one aspect of giving a good acting part. It would, of course, be absurd to say that all star plays are poor works, but such pieces as "Zaza" and "Sapho" have little merit save that of possessing two or three big scenes in which an actress with the rare power of (apparent) self-abandonment can produce an immense effect.

Such works are eagerly sought by the great actresses, to the great grievance of the critics, who have to see them in English and French and American and German and Italian, and live in fear of having to pretend to understand them in Spanish, Russian, Japanese, etc. "La Rafale" belongs to the category. There has already been trouble in Paris because Madame Le Bargy wanted to play it over here—wanted vainly. Hereafter we shall see Frau this or Fräulein

that and Signora somebody and Mrs. Blank (with a tremendous reputation in the United States) all representing the naughty lady who for illicit love of a quite uninteresting, dishonest gambler becomes utterly shameless, and in the end sells herself in cold blood to a brutal cousin in order to raise funds for a "gentleman" supposed to have a nice sense of honour, although when a man of ripe experience he loses at cards far more than he can pay, and steals money in order to pay his debt of honour. There is not a scrap of subtlety in the woman's character; the man is a mere convenient puppet; even the circumstances of the intrigue are incredible; and the work does not possess a trace of appeal to the intellect: but, of course, there are the big scenes.

How tired one can become of the big scenes when the star actress "lets herself go"! Of course, few are able to play them: Madame

Réjane can. Watching her, one would fancy that she is almost bursting with passion, is acting spontaneously, and that without calculation or premeditation she is living through the moments of horror when her lover tells her of his crime and intention to kill himself, when she tries to get £25,000 from her father in order to save the worthless fellow, and is forced to tell him the hideous truth, when she denounces her reluctant

parent for having caused her to make a loveless, splendid marriage, and so on. I expect that she feels none of the emotions, that she merely felt very hot and triumphant at the New Royalty, though probably she would deny, in good faith, that the "paradoxe" of Diderot applies to her: yet her art is the greater if she is passionless in her passion, and her self-abandonment is carefully calculated and arranged. Bravo, Madame Réjane! Very wonderful, but if such scabrous matters are to be handled I prefer that some discussable situation, some "problem"—the word will out—should be involved in the subject; otherwise it seems almost indecent to watch the agonies. The others of the company were good enough to enable her to get her effects, and this is no mean praise. "Myself and some puppets" is a foolish phrase: a star actress (save, of course, when alone on the stage) needs good support or becomes like a lever without a fulcrum.

"When in doubt play 'Monsieur Beaucaire,'" is Mr. Waller's maxim, and the popular American romantic comedy was revived the other day and received with great favour. Mr. Waller's remarkable performance as the French Prince, in which he is at his best, was received with enthusiasm, whilst Miss Evelyn Millard charmed the house as the haughty heroine. Rather a quaint coincidence that the evening of the revival of this romantic nonsense should have seen the première of Sardou's farce "La Piste," a funny play in which the brilliant acting of Madame Réjane and a capital company won roars of laughter.

Mr. G. S. Hughes. Mr. C. G. Peace. Miss McCallum. Mr. Maunder. Mr. E. M. Fitzgerald. Mr. E. G. S. Hall.

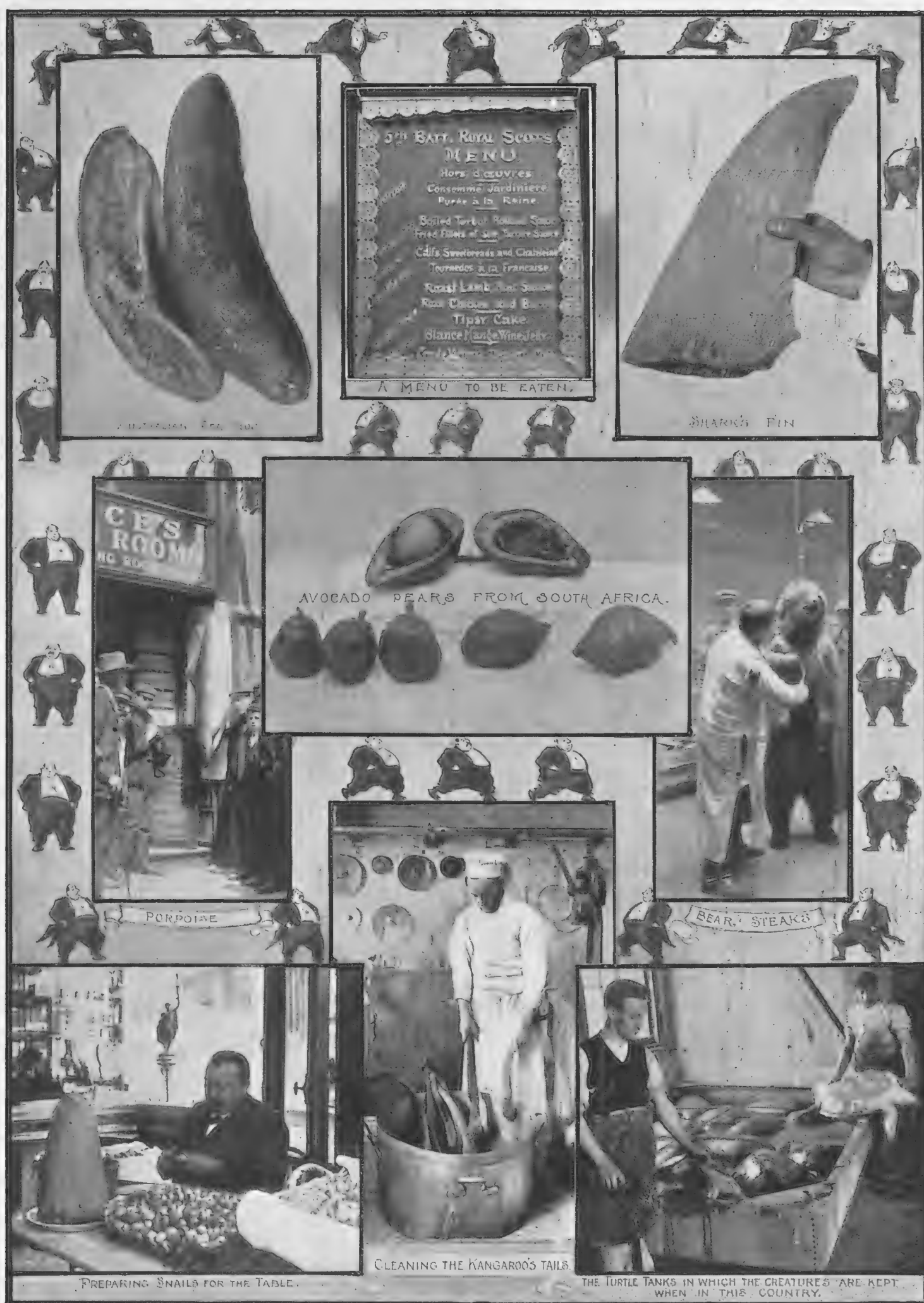


Mr. Seymour Franks. Mr. A. S. Duckett. Miss McClelland. Mr. A. B. Ineson (Producer). Miss Barwell. Mr. F. P. Lynch. Mr. G. Thompson.

TRINITY COLLEGE (DUBLIN) DRAMATIC CLUB IN "HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR,"
PRODUCED AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, JUNE 26.

Photograph by D'Arcy, Dublin.

FOOD FOR FAT FEEDERS.



QUEER DISHES FOR LONDON EPICURES.

Some of these dishes for millionaires are more savoury than they sound. They include the Australian sea-slug, shark's fin, kangaroos' tails, steaks of bear and porpoise. More suggestive of gastronomic delight is the aldermanic turtle and the avocado pear. The sugar menu was used at a recent military banquet.

Photographs by Clark and Hyde.

THE CASTE OF VERE DE VERE.



"Wot's a real lidy, Bill?"

"Why, one like our Sal, but wiv'out 'er manners."

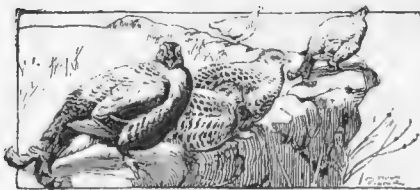
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

A VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT AT HENLEY.



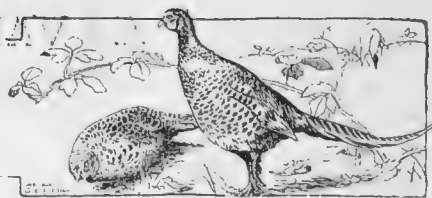
PHYLLIS: George dear, I don't see why you should like me so much better because I'm changeable.
GEORGE: Why, darling, every time I kiss you it's like kissing another girl.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



WEEK-END PAPERS

BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

*Town versus Country.*

Those who believe that all life's developments are balanced, that for every evil there is some corresponding advantage, and that for every benefit some price must be paid, will see in the troubles that attend the town man in the country some manifestation of this law of compensation. In many ways the country is at the mercy of the town. The farmer devotes his year to unrelenting labour, he endures patiently enough the trials that Nature sends him. He toils all the day to secure a good crop, whether of corn or of fruit or of vegetables. Then he sends it to London, and the market treats it with no other consideration than the momentary ruling of the prices demands. If clever speculators can knock the price down to the point at which the grower has no profit they will not hesitate for a moment to do so, and will congratulate themselves upon their own smartness, when, having bought in a cheap market, they proceed to sell in a dear one. When produce is plentiful it may happen that the sale price of a farmer's hard-earned crop does no more than pay the expense to London and the salesman's commission; but the farmer stands afar off. He is inarticulate, the buyer never sees him, and has enough worry of his own to look after without bothering about another man's troubles.

Country versus Town.

When the man from the towns has made his "pile" he thinks he will settle in the country, and in this act the country man comes on with a speaking part. He welcomes the man from the town and is prepared to sell land or farms to him or to lease shooting. The town man puts a town valuation upon himself. In the city he has been reckoned smart, so he feels quite sure that he can enter upon his kingdom in the country, and that there will be none to dispute it. Perhaps he buys land to set a house upon, and when he finds the disadvantages he ought to have seen at once he is content to say nothing. In the first place, he does not like to confess that he has been bested; secondly, there is always the good chance that somebody else will come from town and take the place off his hands at a profit. Somebody must die that he may live. Should he buy a farm and start amateur farming, the results admit of no disguise. After two or three years most amateurs are on their backs, eager to cut a loss and hardly ashamed to confess one. Sometimes the town man is too prudent to speculate in land or to undertake farming operations; he is content to run shooting, and to go down to it when he can. Then he falls into the hands of his gamekeeper, and realises slowly and painfully that some gamekeepers, though they are hardly outsiders, not only see most of the game, but dispose of a great part of it. Naturally enough, the town man is full of complaint, and protests that he has been swindled. But if he could only see things rightly, he would know that the inevitable law of compensation is stepping in. The country has suffered from the town, and the

town is now returning to the country something it took not by force or fraud—these be ugly words—but in accordance with the laws of commercial development.

The Early Bird.

One of the reasons why town men fail in the country lies in their rooted objection to early rising. By the time the average man who is in easy circumstances starts his day's work in London the country man has already devoted several hours to useful labour. The Londoner going to live in the country is not often to be found on his land before the day is well aired, and he seldom realises the imperative need of sustained attention to all that is going on. Some men depend upon book-learning for success in their agricultural experiments, but a book is no more than a broken reed, for although the author may have sound knowledge, that knowledge is purely local. Two farms lying side by side may require totally different treatment to bring about the best results; and certainly every district has its own peculiarities, which are not to be mastered without study and experiences that are often painful and costly. You cannot depend upon an overseer, for he is only mortal, and if he finds his master dispensing with the necessary amount of supervision, he is hardly likely to do his very best. I have been told that an old-established business runs along almost automatically; but on the land the agriculturist is face to face with unceasing change, and the position of a man who runs a country place for profit is as responsible in its way as that of a captain of a ship. Very few can hope to make money at work they do not

understand thoroughly, but a really clever and active man may make a country establishment pay a great part of its own expenses, while he has the joy of seeing country life in all its varied aspects.

Enter the Motor-Van.

One of the forces that will make for change and will benefit the country in the near future is the motor-van service, and as soon as farmers can combine to run motor-vans either to London or the nearest big town, one of the great problems of country life will have been solved. In years when there is a glut of fruit, growers in outlying districts often find that it does not pay them even to pick it, and it is left to rot on the trees at a time when fruit in big cities and their environs is sold at prices beyond the reach of poor people who would enjoy it. I remember staying at a place within twenty-five miles of London only a few autumns ago and finding a friend's beautiful orchard loaded down with apples. Every morning the gardener's lad used to come with a barrel, pick up the fallen fruit, and carry it right away to the home farm, where it was given to the pigs. Some of the fruit made its way to the table, and a few hampers were sent away to friends. The rest was wasted, for the cost of picking and carriage and commission in the market was more than the price that the fruit would yield.



NOT THE SEA-SERPENT: A HUGE SHEAT-FISH CAUGHT NEAR BERLIN.

The fish, which was caught in the Grunewald, weighed 50 lb. German fishermen consider it very curious that such a huge specimen of a robber-fish should have been caught so near Berlin. Most probably his magnificence came to visit the Kaiser.

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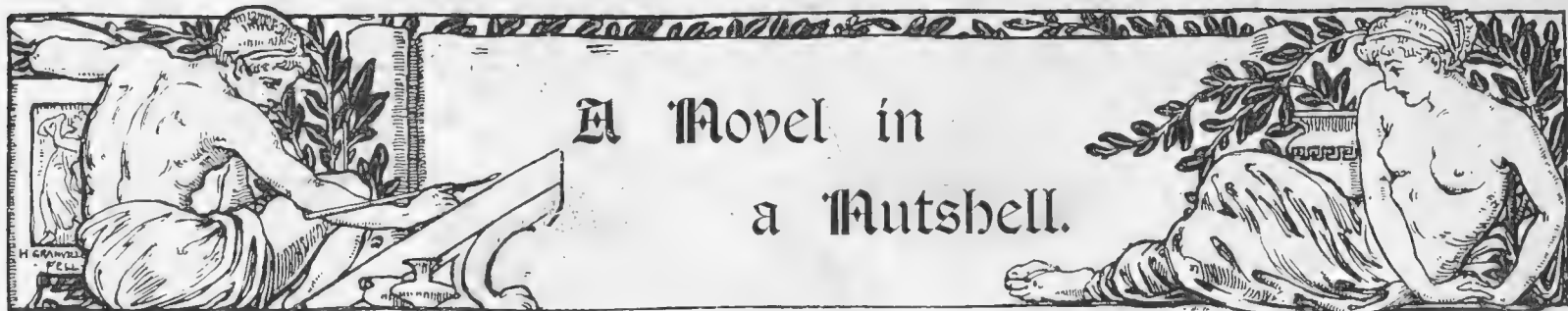
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AWFUL—FOR THE CONSUMER, OR THE CONSUMED?



BILL (*reading of canned-meat horrors*): Just think, Jerry. What a norful thing if we'd bin tinned by mistaike!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

CARBERRY'S HOTEL BILL.

BY EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.

"It seems to me that we shall have to appeal to the Administration," remarked Carberry, putting down his wine-glass with a glum face.

"Or wire to your father?" I suggested.

Carberry shook his head.

"It would be merely wasting my last five-franc piece," he murmured dejectedly. "I'd rather spend it on a cigar, thanks."

"It is certainly an awkward fix," I said.

And it certainly was. We were sitting opposite each other at one of the lunch-tables in the Paris Hotel at Monté Carlo. An empty bottle of Heidsieck stood between us. Carberry passed me his cigar-case abstractedly. I opened it, and finding it, too, was empty, handed it back to him in silence.

"Waiter!" called Carberry. "Bring some cigars." Then he added moodily, "A shilling or two one way or the other is of no consequence."

"None whatever," I admitted.

The fact was we were penniless. We had lost heavily at the tables—we had, indeed, lost every louis we possessed—and were now confronted with a dilemma that is not, I believe, uncommon to the experience of unsuccessful punters at Monte Carlo. How to discharge an hotel bill? How to defray the cost of our journey back to England? There is no denying that we had indulged in certain extravagances. One cannot live at the Paris Hotel and drink Heidsieck for nothing. But with a pocket-book well-lined with bank-notes people do not think of these trifles; and a few days ago Carberry and I had been the cheerful possessors of several hundred pounds—which had since gone to swell the exchequer of the "Administration." So we sat opposite each other disconsolately at lunch and reviewed the situation. My last suggestion sufficiently betrayed the weakness of our position, and as I felt quite inadequate to the effort of furnishing another, I shifted the responsibility of the initiative to my friend, whose power of resource had on more than one occasion elicited my admiration. We lit our cigars and smoked for a few moments silently. Then Carberry took his cigar from his lips.

"Look here," he said, "don't you know anyone in Monte Carlo who would lend you some money?"

It was my turn to shake my head.

"Not a soul!" I replied. "Radley left in his yacht yesterday. I could have got a hundred out of him, I daresay. But he's gone."

"Well, what's to be done?" he inquired.

"Appeal to the Administration; as you suggested just now," I replied.

Carberry made a wry face.

"Do you know what that means?" he asked.

"Well, it means one's fare home, at any rate," I said.

"Oh, yes. But it means something else besides. It means being first lugged before all the greasy croupiers in the place for future identification, my boy! That's cheerful for a gentleman, isn't it? Thanks, no; I'd rather not apply to the Administration if I can help it."

"What then?" I asked.

"The deuce knows. We must try and hit upon something. This hotel bill is pretty stiff—eh?"

"For paupers—yes."

Carberry sighed.

"I think I'll stroll over to the Rooms," he remarked. "I may come across some acquaintance there—some new arrival—one can never tell," and, shaking his head rather gloomily, he rose and left the table.

I myself did not spend an altogether cheerful afternoon. I walked aimlessly about the gardens, pondering upon our unpleasant predicament and smoking expensive cigars—which perhaps may have assisted my philosophy to digest while they failed utterly to provide any satisfactory elucidation of the difficulty. Finally, I made my way to the Café de Paris, and sat down to a cup of tea. I had scarcely seated myself at the table when I descried Carberry, walking rapidly—and with an unmistakable firmness of step—towards me. His manner was no longer gloomy, his face was wreathed in smiles, his whole attitude denoted a very cheerful and contented frame of mind. I welcomed these signs of light-heartedness with unaffected pleasure, for they pointed emphatically to the conclusion that Carberry had met with some kind of good fortune during his absence.

"I've hit upon a plan," he remarked, sitting down beside me, "which I think will pull us through, my boy. What an ass I was not to think of it before, to be sure!"

"Oh," I said, in some disappointment—"only a plan? You have not, then, succeeded in finding any money?"

"I shall succeed in finding some to-night," he replied mysteriously.

"Well, I hope so, I'm sure," said I. "How do you propose to do it?"

Carberry leaned over the table confidentially.

"I'm going to commit suicide!" he said.

"The devil!" I exclaimed with a start. "What do you mean?"

For the moment I thought Carberry was drunk or demented.

"Yes," he repeated in a sepulchral tone, "I shall shoot myself!"

"Confound it," I cried, "how will that help you?—how, at least, will it help *me*, man? Moreover, I can't countenance the proposition for an instant. Some heavy insurance, I suppose?"

Carberry looked at me pityingly.

"Surely," he observed, "you don't think I'm such a fool—and such a disinterested fool—as to *kill* myself merely to oblige you, my dear fellow?"

"I don't see how it can oblige yourself," I replied.

"No; nor do I. Therefore you may be sure I don't intend to do it."

"Then why did you say just now that you *did* intend to?" I retorted.

"The statement was perhaps a little misleading," he agreed. "Let me explain. You are possibly not aware that the authorities here have a great objection to people committing suicide in their grounds? Well, they have. It reflects a kind of discredit on the place, you see, and gives rise to awkward inferences—such inferences, for instance, as that the gambler has lost all his money to the bank, and that the bank, therefore, is directly responsible for the unfortunate man's demise. It is the first aim of the authorities to contradict an inference so damaging to their moral prestige. Accordingly, when it unhappily chances that a man shoots himself at Monte Carlo, the authorities at once set about demonstrating that the man's act could not, at any rate, have been due to any pecuniary pressure attributable to losses at the tables. They are, indeed, most careful to advertise this fact at the inquiry, in order to exonerate themselves from any possible implication in the unfortunate gentleman's motives for self-destruction. This reflection has led me to the decision I have already referred to," concluded Carberry. "Waiter, a liqueur."

"My dear chap, what *are* you driving at?" I demanded a little testily.

"I'm driving at the means to pay my hotel bill," said Carberry. "Fortunately I have an excellent little revolver in my travelling-bag. I always carry it about with me when I go abroad."

"So," I said sarcastically, "it appears you do intend, after all, to shoot yourself—presumably for the sole satisfaction of causing annoyance to the authorities here? But I don't see how the hotel proprietor is going to profit by the transaction."

"Why, my good chap, what possible kind of fool do you take me for?" inquired Carberry, draining his liqueur-glass. "Shoot myself? Not if I know it! But I shall fire off my pistol."

"Oh," I said, a light suddenly beginning to dawn upon me.

"Ah!" said Carberry, nodding his head. "You perceive my drift at last, eh?"

"Not very clearly," I answered. "Where's the money to come from?"

"I shall not have the least compunction in taking it from the pockets of the Administration," he replied calmly. "They have taken a very considerable deal more of *mine*—and yours, too!"

"Exactly. But how will you take it?"

"I won't take it. They'll give it me."

"What—for firing off a pistol?"

Carberry winked.

"We'll score *en plein* against the bank this time," he smiled, "or I'm a novice!"

"Again I say—how?"

"How? Thus: A ruined, hopeless gambler (that's me) wanders wearily into the gardens at midnight (or say a little earlier),

[Continued overleaf.]

"OH, TAKE THE CASH AND LET THE CREDIT GO"



MAN OF BUSINESS: I can spare you five minutes, but, you know, my time is money.

GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE: I shall be happy to take it in that form.

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK.

determined to put an end to his blighted, impecunious existence by means of a pistol-shot. His dejected figure is observed by the argus-eyed officials that are surreptitiously (you may have noticed them?) scattered about the grounds and buildings of the Casino. His disconsolate bearing invites their sympathy, and they perhaps follow him—at a respectful and unobtrusive distance. Presumably from the umbrageous gloom of the tropical foliage a sudden pistol-shot rings out; the argus-eyed ones rush forward—and, behold! stretched across a flower-bed, they are horrified to perceive in the moonlight the dark figure of a man, lying huddled up and motionless on the ground before them! The bosoms of the hardened officials are no doubt instantly moved to compassion at the sight; but first they are chiefly concerned with the more practical aspects of the case, and mindful rather of the interests of their employers than the ill-fortune of the suicide. They feel in his pockets—they are empty. Must it be said that this man slew himself in the frenzied despair of absolute want?—that destitution (in the midst of plenty) was the cause of his untimely end? Never! One can be generous to the dead! Some other reason than penury would be more fitly assigned for the desperate act. So these good fellows, impelled, indeed, by the most Christian instincts, proceed without delay to do a most generous thing. They fill these empty pockets with bank-notes. Whatever he was when he was alive, this unhappy man should at least escape the reproach of being called a pauper when he was dead. It should never be cast up against them that a gentleman shot himself for want of money at Monte Carlo. From love, perhaps, or ennui, or toothache; but from so sordid and contemptible a cause as want of money—no, no! And so, having re-established the stranger's claims to the world's respect and filled his pockets with money, the argus-eyed ones proceed mournfully to fetch a stretcher upon which to convey the despatched gambler to the Commissary's office. When, an hour later, the body is officially examined, it is found, oddly enough, that in the coat-pocket there is a bundle of notes—to the value, perhaps, of several thousand francs—and the astute Commissary troubles himself not to inquire too deeply how these notes should have chanced to come there. They afford, at any rate, convincing testimony that the man's suicide was not due to any bad luck at the tables; and more than this it would not be necessary for the dignity of the Principality to notify. Of course," said Carberry reflectively, "it would be just possible—just possible that, when the argus-eyed ones returned with the stretcher, they might, ahem! have some difficulty in finding the exact spot where—" He paused and looked at me comically.

I burst out laughing.

"Upon my word," I exclaimed, "it's the wildest and most preposterous scheme I ever heard of!"

"It's the only chance we've got, my boy, of paying that hotel bill," he replied firmly; "and I'm going to stake on it, as I said just now, *en plein*!"

I was very much taken with the audacity of Carberry's plan, and after the first shock of surprise which the communication of it caused me, entered into the spirit of the undertaking with as much enthusiasm as Carberry himself. I appreciated the piquancy of the proposition the more that it was to be carried out by somebody else; and as for Carberry, not the least attractive part to him, I think, of such an enterprise lay chiefly in the delightful uncertainty of its issue.

We drank a good deal of champagne at dinner that night, I remember; and on a subsequent rapid calculation of our joint resources, discovered that we could between us muster exactly thirty-five francs. Everything, therefore, depended upon the success of Carberry's suicide; and I impressed this upon him very earnestly over our coffee and liqueurs. He seemed very sensible of the gravity of the occasion, and was for making his will—indeed, was so affected by the memory of our old and tried friendship that he vowed he would leave me everything he possessed in it. As he possessed nothing to leave, I was more touched by the generosity of the impulse than by a sense of any solid advantage that might accrue from it. The second cup of coffee, however, restored him to a recollection of the merely fictitious character of the dreadful act he was contemplating, and to which there is no doubt that the champagne had lent a transient colouring of reality. He leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"We will score heavily off the Administration!" he exclaimed; and, indeed, the idea of scoring heavily off the Administration seemed to cause him a keener gratification almost than the prospect of being able to discharge his hotel-bill the following morning.

As the evening approached, I must confess that I began to entertain serious apprehensions as to the upshot of Carberry's venture; but he himself seemed troubled with no nervous scruples on the head of its success. We went to the rooms as usual after dinner, and idled away a couple of hours, watching the tables and listening to the concert in the theatre, very pleasantly. At about half-past ten Carberry announced his intention of starting out to commit suicide. There was a bright moon shining as we passed out through the spring doors of the Casino, and down the marble steps into the gardens. A crowd of people thronged the entrance. We threaded our way through them, and presently paused on the opposite side of the walk near the Café de Paris.

"Now," said Carberry, "you just hang about here, and don't make yourself unnecessarily conspicuous. When you hear my pistol-shot you can, if you like, address some casual inquiries to any of the officials you may happen to be near. But be discreet!" So saying, and with a cheerful nod of farewell, Carberry turned on his heel and walked off in the direction of the Pavilion. I sat down on a chair

and watched his retreating figure. I saw him cross the gravel walk and pass along the side of the building, past a knot of officials who were lounging about at the entrance of the guard-room. Here he slackened his pace, and it was with some amusement that I observed he began suddenly to assume a most dejected and absent-minded deportment. He pulled his hat down over his eyes and hung his head. His attitude was one of extreme forlornness. The officials could not have failed to notice this as he passed them with an unsteady step, and I have no doubt the circumstance, if it did not excite their suspicion, at least awakened their vigilance. A few steps further on Carberry paused again, and cast a quick, furtive glance to right and left of him; then plunged down a side path into the overhanging gloom of the gardens beyond and was lost to view. I passed the next five minutes in considerable uneasiness: apart from the humour of the trick, it appeared by the light of calmer reflection to be a most foolhardy experiment, and one likely to be attended with awkward consequences should it miscarry. However, it was now too late to indulge in fears or regrets, and I could only trust to Carberry's undoubted ingenuity and resource to bring the matter to a successful issue. Fortunately, I was not kept very long in suspense.

Clear and sharp through the night air there rang out suddenly the report of a pistol. I was on the alert for the sound, and may have exaggerated its penetrative intensity, for though I started involuntarily from my seat, the noise of the shot did not appear to have attracted any particular attention amongst the groups of gaily dressed people beyond.

Mindful of our plan, I did not hurry myself, but walked slowly across to the building, and after waiting a minute or two, lit a cigar, and sauntered carelessly along towards the further wing of it. Here I encountered a little knot of men in uniform, who were engaged in discussing some point with evident interest. I took my cigar from my mouth and addressed the foremost of them.

"Has anything happened?" I asked. "I thought I heard a pistol fired just now."

"Ah—nothing, Monsieur, nothing!" replied the official with characteristic reticence.

"Nothing? That is well!" and I passed on as though to enter the gardens.

The official stopped me politely.

"A thousand pardons, Monsieur!" he said.

"Why, what's the matter?" I demanded in affected surprise.

"Are the gardens prohibited to-night?"

The officer shrugged his shoulders.

"If you must know, Monsieur, we think that a gentleman has shot himself just now in the gardens," he replied calmly.

"Dear, dear!" I exclaimed. "What a calamity! Shot himself! You don't mean it! Poor fellow!"

"Monsieur will oblige by saying nothing about it," returned the officer. "We prefer to keep these things quiet."

"Ah," I smiled, "exactly! It is better, of course—much better. Good evening."

They took off their hats and I lounged away. Wondering what to do next and experiencing a ferment of excitement as to the fate of Carberry, I made my way back again to my original seat. I had scarcely sat down when a figure emerged from a side path, and making briskly towards me, I discovered it to be Carberry himself. He slapped me on the shoulder, fell into a chair by my side, and burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"They've gone for a stretcher!" he exclaimed as soon as his mirth had sufficiently subsided to permit of speech. "The mugs have gone for a stretcher! Lord, what a joke, ha, ha!—and the poor dead gambler has walked away meantime in the most unaccountable manner! Imagine their chagrin when they return and find him *non est*! My dear fellow, it's the best coup that was ever pulled off at Monte Carlo!"

"Hang it," I said, "we'd better clear out! There'll be the deuce of a row if they catch you. But how about the money part of the business?"

"Just as I expected," he laughed. "I fired off the pistol in the air—after first smearing the side of my face with a little red grease-paint—and fell down in the most approved stage style across the flower border, the smoking revolver still clutched firmly in my rigid right hand. A moment later and up come two argus-eyed ones—a stage entrance could not have been better calculated, upon my word, it couldn't. Down they drop on their knees beside me, and first they must feel my pockets (which I need hardly tell you were quite guiltless of money). They take one quick glance at my gory face, and one says to the other, 'He has shot himself through the head' (which was quite untrue). The other gentleman thereupon lugs out of his vest some notes of the Administration, and thrusts a bundle of them hurriedly into my breast pocket. Here they are!" cried Carberry, pulling out a packet of bank-notes; "half a dozen at least, and five-hundred-franc ones, my boy! Then up get my fine fellows and rush off hot-foot for a stretcher, leaving me lying there, stark and pale, in the moonlight! No sooner, however, do they disappear round one corner, than I jump up and disappear round the other, and, with all the expedition I can muster, make my way back to you here, in order to relieve your very natural apprehensions as to my safety. They will be back again by this time scouring the grounds, so, if you don't mind, I think I'll be toddling off to the hotel, and to-morrow we can pay our bill and take a first-class ticket to Paris in time for the Exhibition. Vive la bagatelle!"

And that was how Carberry paid his hotel bill at Monte Carlo.

THE END.



THAT romantic drama is a "safe thing" is at present exemplified at the Lyric, where, "Othello" having proved too heavy an entertainment for the summer, Mr. Waller has fallen back on the ever-popular "Monsieur Beaucaire." With that play he is always certain to be able to fill up a few weeks to the delight of his admirers. His policy is one which, it is hardly necessary to say, is not infrequently adopted. Sir Henry Irving could always fall back on "The Bells" as a profitable stopgap; and Mr. Tree can use "Captain Swift" or "The Red Lamp," and possibly "Svengali," in the same way; Mr. Penley can use "The Private Secretary"; Mr. Edward Terry, "Sweet Lavender"; Mrs. Patrick Campbell, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"; Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, "The Elder Miss Blossom" or "A Scrap of Paper"; and Mr. Martin Harvey, "The Only Way." These, however, are but instances, and the list might easily be lengthened if necessary.

The possibility of Mr. Louis Bradfield coming into an inheritance of some £780,000 is a subject which has naturally attracted a good deal of attention in the Green-Room, where such a fortune would be unique, even though it is nothing exceptional for an actor to possess—during the two or three hours of the life he spends on the stage. The genesis of his wealth dates back to the time he was playing in Australia, close

on eleven years ago. There he rendered an important service, lasting for some months, to a very rich man, who merely remarked he would never forget it. He has since died, and to Mr. Bradfield's amazement he has heard that the deceased's will was drawn in his favour. He attached very little importance to the announcement at the time, but it would seem that there is some possibility of the matter being brought to a successful issue after all.

When London is full and the season is at its height there is a popular idea that the theatres must be doing their best business. That this may have been so at one time is

probably a fact, but present indications do not confirm the theory. Not for a long time have so many places of amusement been closed at the West End as is the case just now. There is no entertainment at Terry's, to which "Castles in Spain" was transferred from the Royalty; or at the Savoy, from which Miss Lena Ashwell has withdrawn "The Shulamite"; or at the Criterion, where Mrs. Patrick Campbell closed her season prematurely after a run of only four nights with "The Macleans of Bairness." Similarly, the Coliseum is closed, and so is the Lyceum, while on Saturday the Gaiety will be added to the list, as well as His Majesty's, to which theatre special reference is made.

By the withdrawal of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" on Saturday Miss Ellen Terry will temporarily vanish from the stage of London, but happily she will return again within a couple of months, when she will be seen at His Majesty's. On Monday Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker will revive Mr. Bernard Shaw's comedy, "You Never Can Tell." In this Miss Lillah McCarthy, who will make her first appearance since her marriage, will play Gloria Clandon. The remaining characters will be acted by Miss Florence Haydon, Miss Dorothy Minto, Miss Hazel Thompson, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. Norman Page, Mr. James Hearn, and Mr. Louis Calvert, while Mr. Henry Ainley will succeed Mr. Granville Barker as Valentine.

Saturday will be an important day at His Majesty's, for Mr. Tree will close his season and have a breathing-space in which to contemplate the carrying-on of his arrangements for the forthcoming autumn and winter. He will, however, not be able to take a very long holiday, for, as he will supervise the rehearsals of "A Winter's Tale," in which Miss Ellen Terry is to appear as Hermione on Sept. 1, and will have also to rehearse for his own tour, he will have to be back again in London early in August, though he will not be seen on his own stage before November, at the earliest.

Miss Ruth St. Denis, several of whose portraits appeared in *The Sketch* last week, will make her début at the Aldwych Theatre to-morrow afternoon in her series of East Indian dances, which include the Spirit of Incense, the Cobra (a study of Indian street-life), and Radha, a Hindu temple dance. The performance will be repeated on Tuesday and Thursday next week at three o'clock.



ONE OF THE "SMALL HEADS," SURVIVOR OF AN UNKNOWN RACE.

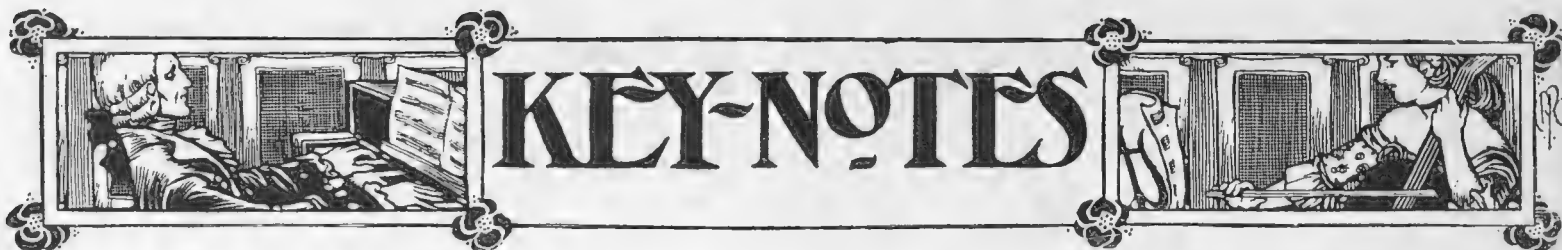
Photograph by Fritz Leyde and Co.



AN UNKNOWN RACE: THE THREE "SMALL HEADS" NOW APPEARING AT THE HIPPODROME.

The "Small Heads" belong to a South American race. The skull is peculiarly conical, and on the top is no bigger than a five-shilling piece. The three last survivors of the race are women. The brain weighs about one fifth of the average human brain. Their height is from three feet to three feet six inches.

Photograph by Fritz Leyde and Co.



Of course, the musical event of the past week has been the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. After the Grand Rehearsal day the Festival proper opened with a very fine performance of "Messiah," conducted by Dr. Frederick Cowen. The audience was enormous, and filled every available portion of the vast transept. Without any exaggeration whatever, it may be said that the present Handel Festival Choir is equal to, if not better than, any that has been before; the rows upon rows of singers, rising almost to the ceiling, were most impressive, and these singers sang in a masterly manner, and it was quite evident that Dr. Cowen had this vast body of vocalists quite under his control. To take only one instance, the singing of the great "Hallelujah" chorus was brilliantly rendered, and the wonderful *pianissimo* attained by these singers in "All we like Sheep" — "And the Lord hath laid on Him" was quite marvellous. It is a very difficult matter to attain this effect with such a vast body of singers; but on this occasion the music was thoroughly understood and interpreted in right accordance with its meaning. Of the soloists Madame Albani sang the soprano part in her old familiar manner. Miss Ada Crossley was in splendid voice, singing very beautifully indeed; her rendering of "He shall feed His flock" was quite irreproachable, and in "He was despised" she showed great refinement and beauty of voice. Mr. Ben Davies was in his best voice; his rendering of "Behold, and see!" was a masterpiece of vocalisation. There is only to add that Mr. Santley sang the bass part with the consummate art of the perfect singer, and that he was loudly applauded for his rendering of "Why do the Nations," which was given with an energy that cannot be overpraised. Altogether this was a remarkably fine performance of "Messiah," given for the opening day of the Festival. Selection Day promised to be the most interesting of the week.

The first performance this season of Verdi's "Aïda" was given a few nights ago at Covent Garden, under the direction of Signor Campanini. In this opera we have Verdi practically entering upon a new phase of his career; it is a work which lends itself to brilliant and gorgeous spectacular treatment, and it is full of beautiful melody. Among the exponents must be mentioned first Madame Kirkby Lunn, who cannot be too highly praised for her singing; this is quite one of her best parts, and her acting was not far short of superb. In the part of Aïda Madame Giachetti was a little disappointing; she seemed to be suffering from fatigue; she used the vibrato to no particular advantage. As Radamès, Signor Caruso sang magnificently, with intense passion and extraordinary powers. Signor Sammarco was excellent in the part of Amonasro. The chorus was excellent and the dancing was quite good.

The London Symphony Orchestra gave a concert a few days ago, with Herr Arthur Nikisch as conductor. The programme opened with Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," and it may be said at once that the

great beauty of the composition (all its charm and ingenuity) was more noticeable than on any former occasion on which we have heard the work. Perhaps Herr Nikisch's finest performance of the afternoon was his rendering of the Overture and Venusburg Music, from Wagner's "Tannhäuser" (Paris version); he thoroughly realised all the gravity as well as the wild spirit of the work, and under his direction the orchestra rose to great heights of enthusiasm. Mr. Arthur Friedheim played the solo pianoforte in Liszt's Concerto in E flat (No. 1) very well, and Tschaiakowsky's Fifth Symphony was also included in the programme.

The Vienna Philharmonic Society made its first appearance in London at the Queen's Hall a few evenings ago, and gave the first of three orchestral concerts, under the conductorship of Herr Schalk. The playing of this combination of musicians was in its way a revelation of orchestral interpretation. Full of refinement, yet bold, musicianly in the highest degree, the wonderful unanimity of these players made their effects seem almost as if this orchestra were but one instrument playing; and although Herr Schalk's manner of conducting was of the simplest, yet it was quite obvious that he exercised an enormous influence over his band. The rendering of the Overture to "Die Meistersinger" was quite wonderful, as also was Weber's Overture to "Oberon." It was in Elgar's Variations, however, that these players showed an intelligence and an understanding that made the work a perfect delight to listen to. In Mozart's G minor Symphony they were, perhaps, not quite so successful; indeed, there were too many players to bring out all the delicacy of Mozart's beautiful score. The concert was indeed

a memorable one, and one looks forward with pleasure to the remainder of the series.

Signor Fazzini made his appearance at Covent Garden the other evening in "Madame Butterfly," and took the part of F. B. Pinkerton, originally created by Signor Caruso. We regret very much that we are not able to give this singer the highest praise, for he was disappointing from nearly every point of view; his voice did not seem to be powerful enough for the requirements of the London Opera House, nor did he seem to grasp the dramatic situations of his part. Mlle. Destinn as Madame Butterfly was excellent, and

FROM FRENCH BLACKSMITH TO CONCERT SINGER
AT £320 A NIGHT: M. ROUSSELIÈRE.

Rousellière was once a poor French blacksmith. He is now appearing in New York at a princely salary.

made a very great impression upon her audience; she sang beautifully, and acted with intense feeling. Signor Scotti as Sharpless was remarkably good, and Madame Gilibert-Lejeune sang very charmingly in the part of Suzuki. Signor Campanini was the conductor, and the scenery was very beautiful indeed.

At the Bechstein Hall, a few evenings ago, M. Victor Maurel gave a vocal recital, and once more showed his great artistry in the singing of English, French, and Italian songs. His rendering of the Prologue to "Pagliacci" was quite masterly, and roused his audience to great enthusiasm. His programme was, perhaps, a trifle too long, but in songs by Verdi, Tosti, Massenet, and Wagner he was particularly successful, and once more showed what a great dramatic artist he is. By the way, how easily does Tosti as a song-writer rank, when at his best, with the best!

COMMON CHORD.



FROM WELSH COLLIER TO CELEBRATED
VIOLINIST: MR. HAYDN GUNTER.

Mr. Haydn Gunter, who appears at Miss Italia Conti's matinée at Stafford House, began life in one of the coal-mines in the Rhondda Valley. In 1900, while still a pit-boy, he won the violin prize at the Eisteddfod. Thereafter, he studied at Leipzig under Becker, and for a long time he was a member of the famous orchestra at the Gewandhaus. He won the medal of the Mendelssohn Society.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.





UNATTENDED MOTORS—HILL-CLIMBS—SHORT MEASURE IN PETROL—TYRES IN THE SCOTTISH TRIALS—MOTORS AFTER SUNSET.

SOME day reasons will be given why it is regarded as more than criminal to leave a motor unattended by the roadside for so short a space as ten minutes, while the horse-drawn vehicle may remain in one spot for hours without attracting the attention of those eagle-eyed officials the police. A friend of mine owns both classes of vehicles, and, strange to relate, he tells me that, while his phaeton stands for lengthy periods outside his office without any remark from the man in blue, yet if he runs up in his Peugeot car it is not at rest ten minutes without the police calling attention to the fact. One would really imagine that the motor-car exerted some dour and baleful influence upon all around, and that it was the duty of the police to counteract all such evil influences to the uttermost. Whether this be so or no, my friend tells me, nevertheless, that if our friend Robert be regarded as of Romany descent, and his palm crossed with silver as a caretaking fee, that the unattended offence against the law appears to vanish. This may or may not be so.

The entries for the South Harting Hill Climb numbered no fewer than eighty-four cars, divided into Classes A, B, C, and D, these classes being governed by price-limits, which appears the manner most in vogue at the present moment. For instance, Class A included cars from £150 to £350; Class B, £300 to £500; Class C, £500 to £850; and Class D, cars costing over £850. Cars entered in the four classes were driven by such expert drivers as Messrs. Cecil Edge, Charles Friswell, Ernest Hutton, E. M. C. Instone, C. Bianchi, Jarrott's famous mechanic; Percy Northey, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, Miss Dorothy Levitt, who is as much at home behind the wheel of a 50-horse power six-cylinder Napier as she is handling a six-horse power single-cylinder De Dion; Tom Thornycroft, Paul Brodtmann, J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, Arthur Lee Guinness, W. Clifford Earp, M. F. Mievill, F. H. Arnott, and others, so that hill-driving as she should be performed was plentifully evidenced. As South Harting Hill is the discovery of Earl Russell, who inhabits Telegraph House hard by, a lone mansion grown out of one of the hill-top Portsmouth-London signalling stations in Nelson days, the Countess was at home to all members of the Automobile Club and the Sussex County A.C. after the conclusion of the climb.

The South Harting hill-climb will be followed a fortnight later by the hill-climb held for the Henry Edmunds Challenge Trophy, which is decided up a very stark eminence in Blackdown Park, Fernhurst, Sussex, the property of Mr. F. S. Phillipson Stowe, a good automobilist. This trophy was presented to the Club by Mr. Henry Edmunds, a founder member,

in 1902, and was competed for for the first time at Castlewellan, Ireland, in July 1903, directly after the decision of the Gordon-Bennett race, held in Ireland in that year, when Jenatsky won that French-extinguished contest on the Mercedes. The Henry Edmunds hill-climbing trophy was won last year by the Rev. F. A. Potts's 30-horse power Daimler, driven by Mr. C. Grinham. This year the trophy will be awarded to the car making the best aggregate time for three runs up the hill.



A NEW PETROL TERROR: MAN-HOLE EXPLOSIONS IN THE NEW YORK STREETS.

In New York there have recently been explosions in the sewer man-holes, and these are said to be due to the drainage of gasoline from motor-cars. The gasoline was emptied into the city sewers by careless chauffeurs.

Reproduced from "Leslie's Weekly."

Motorists will do well to confine their purchases of petrol to the sealed two-gallon cans of several well-known companies. In order to save trouble, storage, and expense, many people have purchased the spirit in steel drums holding considerable quantities, and have been less than agreeably surprised to find considerable shortage by the tally they kept. Whether this is due to design, accident, or evaporation I cannot say, but I do know that in one or two instances where shortage has been indubitably proved, the merchants supplying have refused to make good.

The greatest credit is due to the manner in which the Dunlop Tyre Company arranged for the supply of tyres during the late Scottish Trials, for assuredly the roads selected by the Scottish Club were particularly hard on rubbers. Some day, maybe, the genius with the unwearable, unpuncturable tyre will arise; until then, it is well that firms who supply such sound articles as Dunlop Tyres should be always ready to organise as in the above-named trials.

In nine cases out of ten, no matter how well petrol engines run and pull during the day, they will, everything else being equal, perform ten to twenty per cent. better so soon as the sun is below the horizon. I have never heard this phenomenon satisfactorily explained, nor have I any sort of explanation to offer, save that by the light of my own proper experience I know it to be so. Surely it would be worth while to examine somewhat closely into the causes of this improvement, and endeavour to have them

present all day. If it is the change in the atmosphere which comes about after sundown, chemists might suggest some modification or method of using the carburetter which would achieve the desired result. I am very much inclined to the opinion that improvement would result from placing the carburetter air-intakes in such positions that they are cool and free from dust, and the oily exudations of the engine were induced



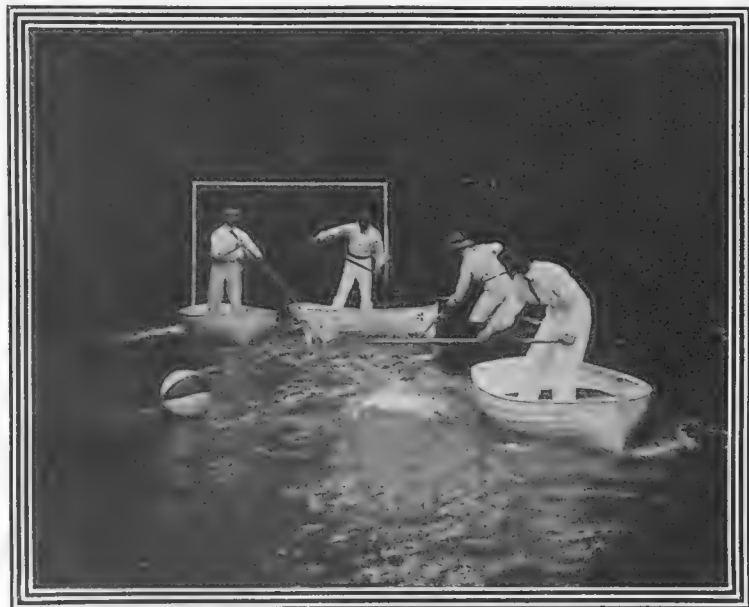
THE MOTOR IN THE HAREM: MOSLEM LADIES GOING FOR A DRIVE.

through them to the jet-chamber. In many cases the gauze-covered intakes to carburetters are found close up to the engine and covered with greasy mud, through which the air has to pass on its way to the cylinders.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE DERBY—SLOPING RINGS—FREEDOM.

WILL Lord Rosebery win the Derby of 1907 with Traquair? I saw the colt win the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, and although he had nothing to beat, he ran like a smasher. He looks all over a classic performer, and, if not hurried or overworked, I think he is calculated to do big things when sent to the next Epsom Summer



Photograph by Adolfo Croce.

A NEW WATER-GAME: WATER-POLO IN ITALY.

The players have to manage their boat and play the ball with one oar.

Meeting. One of the Rothschild mottoes, so it is said, is "Never have anything to do with an unlucky man," which means, I presume, that you should follow the lucky man. Lord Rosebery, up to now, has been very lucky in the Derby, and I think we shall have to follow the primrose-and-rose hoops until they are beaten. Referring to unlucky men reminds me that the late Colonel North held the Rothschild view. His greyhounds were trained by the late Mark Cole at one time, until Mark found the runners-up so many times that the Colonel gave him a big cheque, and handed his greyhounds over to another trainer, giving his reason that Cole was so unlucky. So the sequel proved, as after this the Colonel's greyhounds ran up a long sequence of successes, including four Waterloo Cups. But to the horses. I believe Sam Darling thinks Slieve Gallion will win the Derby, and it is more than likely that he will be the winter favourite, as he is a good-looking one, and many people think that he will improve as he goes on. Sam Darling knows what is required to win a Derby—so, too, does Percy Peck, in a milder degree; but I am of the opinion that time will serve Traquair the better, and if I had to tip for the race right off I should not hesitate to plump for Lord Rosebery's colt, always provided Maher had the mount.

I have received no end of complaints from correspondents who spent four days in Tattersall's Ring at Ascot without seeing a single race. It seems the bookmakers are allowed to use raised platforms on the sides of the ring, thus shutting off the view from poor pedestrians. Unless the authorities are prepared to admit that the ring is meant to be used for betting purposes only, they should remedy this state of affairs, which could easily be done by building a sloping enclosure or by adopting the terrace system that works so well at Goodwood. Anyway, it is decided hard lines on the public to be called upon to pay a sovereign per day and then not to be able to see a single race. I think myself the iron stand should be given up to the occupants of Tattersall's enclosure at Ascot. This would be good business for the little men. The men of iron might easily be relegated to the front of the Grand Stand, giving them access to the rails by making a fenced-off corner at the bottom of the stand. One thing is certain; racegoers of to-day know at any rate how to ask for value for money, and presently they will go one better and see that they get it. Surely everything should as

far as possible be perfect at the royal meeting, and when we consider what advantages the Park meetings give to those who pay for admission to Tattersall's it surprises one to think that the state of affairs existing at Ascot has been allowed to go on as long as it has. The tony fixtures, if they would hold their own in the future, must take their cue from meetings like Kempton, Hurst Park, Sandown, Manchester, and many others that are made to pay well because they try and give the public the best possible accommodation.

The good work of the Racehorse Owners' Association will, I am sure, be appreciated by all sportsmen in the course of time. The newly organised body is attempting to bring about reforms on the course and to correct abuses. Owners, or many of them, think there should be no charge for stabling or fodder at race meetings, and they are well within their right in agitating for freedom in this matter. Up to now the man who has taken up racing as a pastime has been called upon to pay through the nose for everything, with the result that many good men have given out rather than stand their ground to be shot at. I have always maintained that in racing, as in any other business, it should be the aim of the manager to keep his patrons going as long as possible. The regulars can be treated as a good available asset. They should be as good as an annuity to our racecourses, and they would be were they properly treated. The Association have begun well in attacking the stable-and-fodder question, and that a grievance exists here is proved by the fact that a good many of the go-ahead meetings have for some long time provided stabling and fodder free for horses running on their tracks. It is absurd to try and drag the Jockey Club into the quarrel, as the club has really nothing to do with this sort of expense. It is simply one between buyer and seller, and if the owners do not get all they want, they have a simple remedy in declining to enter their horses. Real live men such as Lord Marcus Beresford, Lord Carnarvon, and Mr. Luscombe can safely be relied upon to further the reform move-



A BIG KILL OF LIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

These lions were shot in an exciting encounter by Mr. T. B. Shortt, a farmer who resides a few miles from the town of Salisbury. Much havoc had been wrought amongst his flocks and herds for some time by these brutes. He came upon them one morning as they had just gorged themselves on several donkeys. The lioness rushed at him, but a bullet behind her shoulder stopped her career. The lion was taken by surprise and slain. The native in the foreground, who was terrified out of his wits, almost caused his master's death by a reckless shot.

ment, and those having the true interests of the sport at heart would welcome any forward policy that was calculated to keep the game very much alive.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

ALL the fine things and superfine things that have been lying in lavender until the sun should send down his beams to disinter them are once more stirring in their silver tissue-paper wrappings, now that the typical but long-delayed summer weather has come at last. The joys of a cool gown on a grilling day only the



[Copyright.]

A COSTUME IN PRETTY COLOURED CLOTH.

owner thereof knows. For our span of really hot weather may be short, but it arrives in real earnest at the last, and to be caught unprepared in thick skirts or cloth tailor-made is the very severest punishment the procrastinator in clothes can know. Modes of the moment are therefore—and presumably will remain for at least three months, praise the fates!—of lightest, coolest, most diaphanous material. Embroidered lawn frocks strewn with frills and roulades of Valenciennes are the accredited of Paris, whence, though smart folk have flown, smart frocks never-endingly follow them. Soft kid belts in palest tones, with large handsome buckles, fasten all these dainty frocks at the waist, and seem, as last year, to be again in universal favour. When the muslin gown is built on a white, pink, mauve, or blue foundation, the accompanying kid belt always matches in colour. So the well-bestowed girl will have quite a répertoire of these tones in her wardrobe. The plainest or most decorated hats, if intended for motoring, are freely ventilated, and the tightest possible veils that will keep out dust are used.

For afternoon wear the Marie Antoinette style of millinery is being revived, and as we are all familiar with the exaggerated shapes that prevailed in the heyday of this lovely and unfortunate Queen, it can be realised that hats grow in irresponsibility each week, and the present acute angle promises to become still more so. The little hat of the Princesse de Lamballe is a favourite, perched on a pyramid of curls; and fluttering ends of tulle and ribbon, so redolent of that artificially artless period, are reproduced with all picturesque exactness. Grasses are used as well as trailing plumes with flower posies,

their attractiveness arising chiefly, it must be confessed, from the deft manner of their disposal.

A distinctly pretty innovation is to be found in the embroidered white linen shoes which have been lately introduced to accord with the embroidered linen frocks that are being worn. These shoes are very comfortable and clean easily. Paris shoemakers promise them in shades of grey, tan, and dark colours too, which should earn them a further debt of gratitude, as embroidered linen shoes to match the colour of the frock sound decidedly *chic* as well as novel.

Apropos of coloured shoes, I did not realise how seductive they may be made to look until I encountered them the other day at a week-end party, which included two smart American girls and their no less up-to-date "Mamma." One girl appeared at breakfast with a white grass-lawn gown of Rue de la Paix simplicity, dark purple shoes, and kid belt to match, which were afterwards flanked by a sunshade *en suite* for the lawn. This damsel's sister displayed little *chaussures* of dark-red similarly equipped as to the other detail, and the effect was most "enviably complete," as a masculine item of the house-party made haste to assure us.

Aforesaid shoes were, moreover, supplied with the sensible *lalon bottier*, which, unlike the Louis Quinze heel, is practical for country roads, being broad, though sufficiently high for "appearances"; for if there is anything acutely uncomfortable it is the same Louis heel, which, however decorative indoors or for town pavements, is intensely out of place on the King's highway, where, alighting on an inevitable stone, one's ankle is twisted, with distracting aches in consequence.

Veils, large and loose, have now come to be accepted as the usual accompaniment of summer, and many women wear two—one quite



[Copyright.]

A PICTURE DRESS OF WHITE AND BLUE.

thin and transparent worn over the face, another draped round the hat-brim and thrown back to fall down over the shoulders. A good deal of art is employed in the way these *voilettes* are draped, by the way. Another dainty detail of the sunny season makes its *rentrée*

in the parasol of lace, chiffon, silk, or embroidered linen, as the case may be. Some of the newest are of lace, lined with variously coloured chiffon; others, again, of painted mousseline-de-soie, have undeniable, if expensive attractions.

The dainty old fashion of tiny silk-fringed sunshades in various pale colours to match one's frock has been revived, but whether women will revert to it is open to doubt, the effect of large hats with these dinner-plate *parapluies* being rather ludicrous. In speaking of coloured kid shoes, one is reminded that kid gloves, long and short, of various hues are threatened. I say threatened advisedly, too, for the spectacle of pale-blue or pale-pink or mauve hands and arms does not somehow strike one attractively. However, the gloves are accomplished facts, and are to be seen both in Paris and London. Whether they will come to be worn at either place is another matter.

It is quite a relief to hear that orders have come from headquarters interdicting the tinned terrors of Chicago for Tommy Atkins, pending the official inquiry which a "British officer" has gone across to conduct. This is something—to feel that we are not filling the mouths of our soldiers with nameless horrors while filling the pockets of conscienceless millionaires at the same time. Mr. Upton Sinclair has also concluded that a certain amount of "cleaning up" is in process; but will this continue? Not if the Trust can help it. I heard only the other day that a member of the Beef *Distrust*, as it has come to be called, assured a friend that when all this pow-wow and pother were over things would go on in exactly the same way as before. To circumvent such iniquity should be the business of every British householder by simply boycotting all products that hail from Chicago and other centres in the clutches of the Trust.

Deserting this unsavoury subject for the sweet reasonableness of clothes, I find that no woman considers herself sufficiently clothed this season (however elaborate her costume) without a capelet, scarf, ruffle, boa, or some sort of compromise of covering. Many are the devices sent forth by inventive Parisians—arrangements in lace, gauze, or chiffon partaking the triple nature of shawl, scarf, or boa. It must be conceded, too, that "a little something," no matter how airy, fairy, and inconsiderable, gives the necessary air of completeness to a frock which, whatever its merits, would otherwise look too indoor for out-of-door.

Now that hay-time has come hay-fever has also reappeared, and the sufferings of those stricken with this unromantic malady, however real to themselves, seem to afford only amusement to heartless others. In calling on a friend subject to this *malaise* some days ago, I was astonished at her husband's agonised request that I would discard a posy of roses pinned in my frock before his wife appeared. "If she looks at a flower," he added, "we have twenty-four sneezes straight off." Now why does not some super-excellently scientific doctor discover a cure for this extraordinary complaint, which attacks otherwise entirely normal, healthy persons for six weeks in the year, and banishes from their presence flowers when they are at once most beautiful and welcome? Is it nerves, or pollen acting on the nasal organ, or both? A fortune surely awaits him who exploits the cause and combats it successfully.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. L.—I really think you cannot choose a more pleasant place than Broadstairs. It is quieter than the other favourite watering-places, and is charmingly pretty, while the air is unsurpassable. They will do you well at the Grand Hotel, and their prices are by no means high.

ALASTAIR (Conway).—The Parisian Diamond Company will copy your diamond-and-turquoise necklace so that even you cannot tell the difference. They have two shops in the Burlington Arcade, one in Bond Street, and one in Regent Street—No. 143.

SYBIL.

EN PASSANT.

TO meet the promotion expenses of the Legion of Frontiersmen, an entertainment is to be given in the Royal Botanical Society's Gardens on the evening of July 10, at 8 o'clock. This entertainment, a camp-meeting of the Legion, is under the management of Mr. Norman McKinnel, and will have the very kind assistance of Miss Lena Ashwell. Tickets may be had, price three shillings, from the Hon. Secretary, 6, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C., but the charge at the gate will be five shillings.

The Committee of the Phyllis Court Club at Henley has definitely decided to open part of the grounds as a public enclosure, as has been the custom for many years under the management of the Regatta Committee. This will come as welcome news to the fashionable world, as the closing of the Phyllis Court Enclosure at Henley would

be almost like removing the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. As all those who know Henley are aware, this is the only enclosure opposite the winning-post. This lovely place, gay with the smartly clad crowds of fashion, is one of the sights of the Henley Regatta, and it is expected that all the tickets, which are 15s. for one day, or 30s. for the three days, will be very soon taken up. The Band of the Royal Marine Light Infantry (Portsmouth Division), will play in the grounds.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, W., have recently remodelled and extended this branch of their business, and have now on view a fine selection of London-made ladies' and gentlemen's dressing-bags, suit-cases, motor-car cases, etc. The company's bags and cases are light in weight, strongly made, of the best material throughout, and moderate in price. Special attention has been devoted to the manufacture and designing of ladies' travelling-bags and cases, with the result that the company's productions are the neatest and most compact yet manufactured, containing all the necessary toilet accessories, with a good amount of space for other articles.

Pretty tortoiseshell soap-boxes are being distributed by the Pynozone Company, Castle Road,

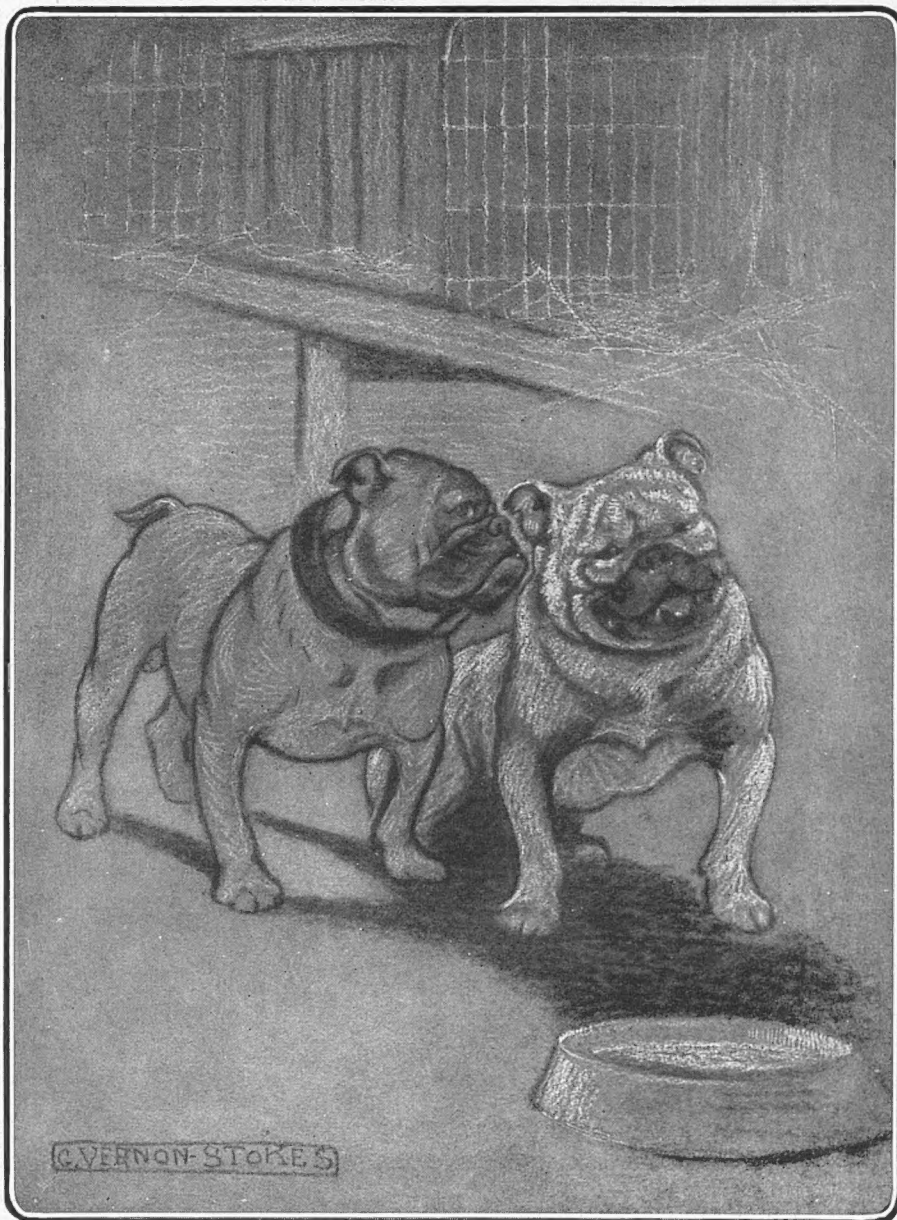
Kentish Town, London, by way of introducing "Pynozone Soap" to the public. Any of our readers who would like one of these gift-boxes can secure one by mentioning this paper and enclosing a sixpenny postal order for a tablet of "Pynozone Soap." The soap will then be sent post free, enclosed in the dainty soap-box referred to above, and this will be found both useful and ornamental.

The Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association, Limited, have just opened one of the largest automobile show-rooms to be found either in London or the provinces. These new premises are situated in Regent Street, No. 11A, two doors from the Junior Army and Navy Stores. It is only two years since this company started business, and here they are already not only advancing but taking first place among the agents of this country.

Mr. Ernest Drew, of Piccadilly Circus, has invented an ingenious holder for sharpening dull blades of the Gillette Safety Razor. These blades are very thin, and after a few times using the edges are blunted, and until now they had to be thrown away. With this patent holder all this is obviated, and one can put the keenest edge on a dull blade in a few seconds.



A RAZOR-BLADE HOLDER.



[DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.]

SPORT AND TEMPERANCE.

WHITE DOG: Come and have a drink, old fellow.

BROWN DOG: Daren't before the judging. I should be over weight!

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 10.

THE Stock Exchange is certainly in the "dumps," and business more out of joint than we ever remember it. As always happens at such times, all sorts of wild stories are flying about. In the House men look on their most intimate business acquaintances with suspicion, and even the big Kaffir houses, or at least one of them, has been pretty freely talked about; it is even said that the firm in question have been obliged to throw over their speculations and realise as best they could in the present broken markets to satisfy their bankers. Whether all this is true or not we shall probably never know, but certain it is that heavy liquidation has been going on, and that nobody, except a man with a good, solid bear account open, cares to be a buyer of mines, while what little investment business there is going on is pretty well confined to Industrials and Foreign Rails.

There are at least some advantages in such times as these for the investor who is on the look-out for bargains. Five per cent., and as nearly perfect security as can be obtained, is not to be despised, but last week we succeeded in securing such a prize, or at least we think so. We bought at 103 a parcel of Interoceanic of Mexico Railway prior lien bonds for the next settlement, with a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dividend to come off before payment is due, which reduces the price to 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ net. There are only £400,000 of these bonds, which are a first charge on the whole road 736 miles long. Dividends are paid now on £2,300,000 of stock behind the prior lien, while the gross traffics for fifty weeks exceed 6,000,000 dollars. What more security can a man want for his interest?

It is true that the Company can pay off the bonds at six months' notice, but the moment is not propitious for such an operation, and at the worst you lose 10s. per cent. If there are any more of the bonds to be got at the same price we hope our readers will pick them up.

So far as new Companies are concerned the promoting fraternity has very nearly given the job up for the present, as of late only in exceptional circumstances have the public subscribed sufficient to pay the expenses of advertising. It is true that the Anglo-Japanese Bank and the Bruce Peebles issue were taken, but the underwriters of Great Cobar Copper, of Korea Waterworks, and almost all the later issues, have found that 97 per cent. is about the average with which they may expect to be "stuck," until for the time being it is next door to impossible to underwrite anything; nor are things much better in Paris, where the state of Russia is causing consternation among the banks and higher financial circles, who are all so deeply interested that the bare idea of revolution causes melancholia.

A SOUND INVESTMENT.

Apart from the general depression on the Stock Exchange two special causes have militated against the price of the Ordinary stock of the *United Railways of the Havana* during the last few months. The first is the fact that a large block of the stock had to be sold for the benefit of the holders of the bonus scrip, and so long as this was known to be overhanging the market the price was naturally kept down. This stock has now, however, been disposed of, and this cause of depression removed. The second reason has been the inability of the Board to supply the exact traffics, week by week, for the first six months of 1905 of the two railways which, since Jan. 1, 1906, have been amalgamated, so that comparison could be made with the traffics of the current six months. The public has therefore been unable to ascertain whether, in the matter of gross traffics, the new amalgamated Railway is doing better or worse than the two lines when they were worked separately. In this connection I have made inquiries among those who should be in a position to know, and from what I have ascertained it will, I believe, be safe to assume that the net increase in the earnings for the first half of 1906 will be at least £40,000. In the circular issued on Jan. 29 of this year the net revenue of the two systems taken together for the year ending June 30, 1905, is stated to have been £485,600. Taking these figures as a basis for calculation, and assuming that the earnings for the last six months of 1906 show no improvement over those of 1904, the estimated figures for 1906 work out as follows—

Net profit of the railways for year ending June 30, 1905 ..	£485,600
Increase, January-June, 1906 (estimated) ..	40,000
Total ..	£525,600
Deduct Debenture charges ..	£159,000
„ Preference interest ..	35,000
Total ..	£194,000
Balance available for Ordinary ..	£331,600
12 per cent. dividend on Ordinary requires ..	297,600
Surplus ..	£34,000

In making this estimate, I have taken no account of the fact that the gross traffics for the last six months of 1905 were considerably in excess of those for the corresponding period of 1904.

As your readers are aware, it is proposed shortly to issue to every holder of £100 Stock a further £50 of Stock as a bonus, and the Bill required to sanction this nominal increase of capital has practically passed through both Houses of Parliament. On the basis of the figures given above, not less than 8 per cent. may be fairly relied upon as the dividend on the new Stock, which should therefore be worth from £130 to £140 at least, so that the present Stock, which represents £150 of new Stock, is cheap at anything under £200. Q.

HOME RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

At the end of 1905, Home Railway proprietors were anticipating their dividends with somewhat subdued joy. The results bore out the commonplace prophecies based on traffics which were mostly colourless. Yet now, with the practical certainty that dividends will be advanced in the cases of the Great Eastern, Great Northern, North-Western, and North-Eastern—with probable improvements in other Companies—prices are below those of six months ago, and the public show no more inclination to buy than they did then. The newspapers enjoy nothing so much as raking up, in their financial pages, reasons that delve into some period remote even to the Boer War in explanation of the current apathy. We have to plead guilty ourselves to cataloguing strings of causes for this same reluctance of purchasers, but perhaps there is considerably more advantage to be obtained from a sporting effort to read the future rather than the past.

CONDITIONS OF TRADE.

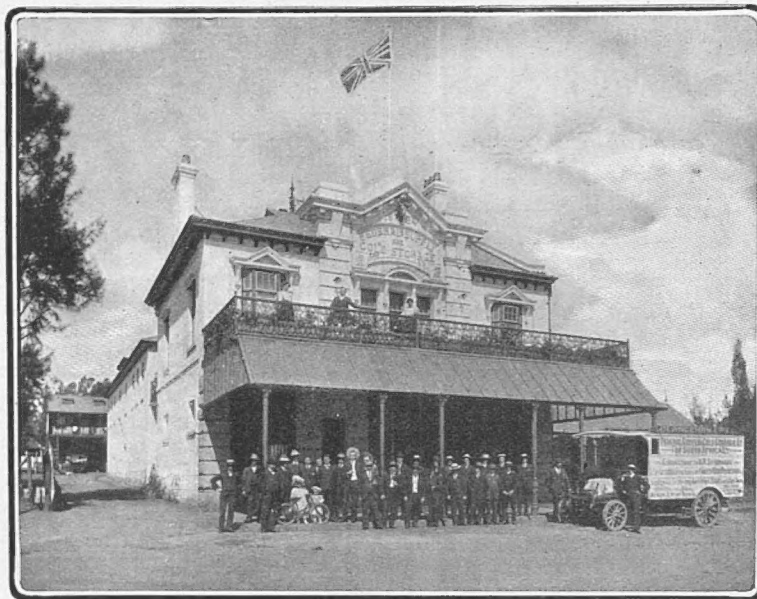
So much depends upon the course of trade. Obviously. From various industrial centres our correspondents report healthy expansion. Board of Trade returns put the necessary complement to private advices; the outlook for trade is rendered all the brighter from the assuredness that one day South Africa will again become a market for our manufactures, reopening a vast door at present all but closed. When the traders, who are the real upholders, the real buyers, of Home Railway stocks, have made a little more money they will seek channels of investment outside their own business. This is where the Home Railway Market should come in. It may take weeks to bring about the revival, or it may take months. But we don't think that the prices this time next year will be within 10 per cent. of those at present ruling.

AMERICAN CROSS-CURRENTS.

Some of us are beginning to find our faith wobble as regards the strength of the American Market—which wobbling may be the precise condition desired by the Wall Street manipulators who are working for lower prices. We see that even the good dividends being declared are pressed into the service of those who look glumly on the prospects of the market. "Baits," they sniff; "baits, to make the gudgeons buy shares at prices intrinsically much too high." This view is advanced by critics whose judgment deserves every consideration; but in spite of the "startlin' reverlashuns" of Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, of Frenzied Finance fame, we retain some doubt as to whether the respectable companies would place their shares upon a dividend-standard which could not be maintained in averagely good times. The Yankee Market has rather got into that see-saw state when the only way to make money is to "sell 'em when they're good and buy 'em when they're flat," as our House friends say in colloquial confidences. Maybe the general position of affairs which bear upon the financial world is not settled enough to warrant excess of bullishness at present, and the outlook seems to favour a continuance of the jumpy sort of market that is only of use to the man who can get in and out at dollar differences between buying and selling prices.

KAFFIR BULLS AND BEARS.

Entering upon bear commitments in the Kaffir Circus after the prolonged fall is a matter that calls for caution. It is not necessary to avow a belief that Kaffirs are cheap to subscribe to the first sentence, because the market is full of bears, and of those bears a very fair proportion are bulls at the same time. The paradox affords no difficulty of apprehension to those who recognise the necessity imposed upon most Stock Exchange jobbers of running a book. They must occasionally buy shares which have to go on the book—to be paid for and laid by until somebody comes along to buy them at a higher figure. A man may be a heavy bear of shares in the open market, and yet carry a book which at every account proves an increasing loss, eating up the profit shown on the other side of the ledger. In a revival, the immediate tendency is to close up some of the bear sales, not to sell stuff, at a loss, off the book; and as every little reaction is hailed as the coming boom, it may not be healthy to open fresh bear accounts just now. Nevertheless, what prospects are there for Kaffir shares at present? The public won't buy until



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something definite is settled about the Transvaal Constitution, and until the public enter the market there cannot be any permanent strength in prices. There cannot, we repeat. Money is wanted in many directions for the Rand, but people are not going to put it up. The market is best left alone. Of the few steady spots, Transvaal Gold Mining Estates deserve mention. The price has kept about 30s. for several months—whereas Johnnies Investment, dealt in by the same section of the Kaffir Circus, have dwindled to nearly a sovereign; and bearing in mind the unlamented Barnato Bank, and the lamented Barnato Consolidated Mines, we should not be a bit surprised to have a "Johnnies" reconstruction scheme one of these gloomy days.

THE CARTAGENA (COLOMBIA) RAILWAY COMPANY.

We hear that shrewd people are picking up the 5 per cent. Debentures of this concern at about 80. The surroundings of the Company are admittedly respectable. The Debentures authorised are three-quarters of a million, but only £600,000 have been issued, and are a first charge on all the Company's assets, including the fine docks, wharves, etc., at Cartagena, a railway 105 kilometres in length to Magdalena, river steam-boats, certain Bonds payable by the Government of Colombia, and sundry land grants. The harbour works are complete, the railway is open and fully equipped, and the net earnings of the whole undertaking are estimated at £68,770 a year. The Bonds are redeemable at 110, or if below that price, by purchase in the market commencing in 1916. They are certainly not the sort of security for a nervous old lady to purchase and sleep on, nor for the investment of savings as a provision for old age; but there is a good deal of talk in the market about them, and they might easily be pushed to 90 or even over, while behind it all there is certainly a considerable amount of solid security. You can't make money if you won't take risks, and this seems to us a case in which a person who understands what he is about, and knows the nature of the security he is buying, may—well only say may—do well. *Saturday, June 30, 1906.*

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROMEO.—The underwriters have had to take about 97 per cent. of the issue, hence the discount. The concern is a good one, the people connected with it are first-class, and if you will hold for results we believe the Company will pay well. We merely said the mine was a good one, but the purchase price quite enough.

BATH.—There is not much to say as to the Breweries. Considering the state of South Africa, we think they have done splendidly.

BURYS.—We would not touch the concern. There has been a settlement in the shares. Price about 10s.

LA HECHICERA.—All these securities are fair risks; we do not like the first on account of the amount of financing it has done to provincial concerns. Trunk Thirds will go better if Canadian prosperity continues, but working expenses have increased largely. The Land Company shares seem to us wonderfully cheap.

DART.—If you can face the risk of a big difference at the end of September, hold, but you have no business to be dealing in such shares unless you can afford it. The price of the shares depends much more on market manipulation than prospective dividends. We are holders of shares bought and paid for, and we shall not realise under 20; but they may easily be 10 before that price is reached. The only dividend paid has been 10s., but when everything is in full swing, 40s. is expected to be the annual return. The profit for the year ending Oct. 31, 1905, was £622,000.

WELLAND.—The state of South Africa is so unsatisfactory that it is quite possible the dividend may have to be reduced, and the uncalled liability on the shares is heavy. We would rather buy Interoceanic of Mexico prior lien bonds or American Freehold Land Mortgage Company's 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference stock to sleep on.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

There should be plenty of runners at Newmarket, as the July course is perfect. The following may go close: Duke of Cambridge's Handicap, Amitie; Stetchworth Plate, River; Soham Plate, Goldwin; Princess of Wales's Stakes, Llangibby; Three-Year-Old Handicap, Adamas; Exeter Stakes, My Pet II.; Princess's Plate, Jubilee; Welter Handicap, Catnap; Waterbeach Handicap, Melane; Ellesmere Stakes, Best Light; Fulbourne Stakes, Gnome. At the Alexandra Park Meeting the following may run well: London Cup, Aid; July Handicap, The De'il; Feather Weight Plate, King's Prisoner; Metropolitan Plate, Granada.

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